

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3045.—VOL. CXI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISINGS: AT THE GATE OF ALI MUSJID, THE FORT AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE KHYBER PASS, TAKEN BY THE AFRIDIS.

From a Photograph by Mr. F. St. J. Gort, Author of "Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The umbrella has been described as "our national weapon," but this borders on extravagance; the ferrule of it has, indeed, been used, and with effect, upon some weak point of an adversary (generally his eye); also, if suddenly put up in the face of a charging bull, it is said to be a sure protection; but these are exceptional cases. As a rule, its associations are peaceful and domestic, and sometimes even romantic. More love has probably been made behind the mobile umbrella than behind any fixtures, such as doors or trees; it can be put up for this tender purpose at any opportunity and on any pretence, whether against rain or sun or wind. It is very characteristic of its proprietor. You can judge from its attitude and appearance what type of man he is; when rolled up tight and small in the club stand, or left there loose and baggy; if silk, alpaca, or gingham. When you see it in the possession of one with whom these indications do not accord we may say pretty confidently (to ourselves) that he has stolen it; but as we cannot say from whom, this avails justice nothing. And it is quite extraordinary what a temptation there is in men—though never in women—to steal umbrellas, and what little shame attaches to it. The proprietor of a fashionable establishment for such articles told me that it was quite common to have umbrellas sent to him to be altered—a new silver band put to the handle, or some other improvement, the real object of which, he was only too well aware, was to destroy their identity. I knew an ecclesiastical dignitary who had his umbrella so often "conveyed" at a well-known club in Pall Mall, that he caused "Stolen from the Dean of —" to be inscribed on one, the possession of which he retained till his demise, and is still in the family. Of course, on a pouring wet day, if one looks like our own in the club rack, and we are not quite certain that we have left ours at home, we give ourselves the benefit of the doubt; man is but human; and it would be a straining of morality to call this stealing. Exchange is no robbery, and it may be an exchange. Besides, if it was fine weather one would not think of such a thing; it is the gods—Jupiter Pluvius—who are to blame, not we. But there are really many persons—I don't say clergymen (though that is not unprecedented)—but persons who would not stoop to any other kind of larceny, who steal umbrellas. A company has now been formed—though not, it is true, avowedly with that purpose—to put an end to this discreditable habit. They let umbrellas out on hire for sixpence a day. It may be naturally said, "Then they will never be returned: the company will be ruined." Not at all; a deposit of five shillings has to be made. I have not seen one of these umbrellas, but the moderation of the deposit, strange as it may sound, seems to be a guarantee of the security of the article. If a man will steal a five-shilling umbrella he will steal anything—the pence out of the tray of a blind beggar. He must have a natural tendency for petty larceny, as Mr. Winkle was supposed by the little judge to have had for perjury. If this lending system "catches on," we may confidently hope that in a generation or two the habit of appropriating other people's umbrellas may die out.

The custom of blackmailing is now so common that it is to be hoped it will become innocuous. When the screw is put upon everybody, when the little skeletons in all our cupboards—for who is without them?—suffer from these exactions, nobody will care twopence about them. If people had got any pluck they would even now say to their persecutors, "Open the cupboard door, and be hanged—or go into penal servitude"; but they think of what their neighbours will say whose cupboard doors have not been threatened, and prefer paying a ransom to robbers to appearing in the witness-box. They may be as innocent as the dawn, but they are just as frightened as though they were guilty, of which the blackmailer is well aware. His success has caused him to extend his business in all directions. He has now made Science his confederate. In the Central Telephone Exchange in Paris, he has employed two girls in the service of the Company to listen to the conversations of the subscribers, and to report them to him. When they are of a compromising nature he uses them for his own purposes. To those who have been present when telephone talk has been going on, it seems strange that people should make it the medium of a confidential communication, but it is evident that they do so. It must be funny (though wrong) to listen to them. "Are you there? Who are you?" "It's your ducky darling." "Your what?" The crannied wall through which Pyramus and Thisbe made love must have been open to less misunderstanding.

Surprise has been expressed that at the Exhibition at Brussels one of the curiosities is the hat worn by Napoleon "during part of the Battle of Waterloo." Is it possible that Commanders-in-Chief go into battle with two hats, not, of course, one on the top of another, like Jew tradesmen, but one for morning and the other for evening wear? Or is one reserved for "the last charge," like the Judge's black cap? If so, it is curious that military writers should have kept silence upon so interesting a fact. Perhaps a General who knows his business, as Napoleon unquestionably did, and guards against every contingency,

may provide against being beaten by a "quick change" of costume in which an alteration of headgear would play its part. Is it possible that the great Emperor had a presentiment of what would happen at Waterloo, and prepared a disguise beforehand to go away in? Perhaps a suit of flannels with a straw hat, or one of "ditto" with a round one? One can hardly fancy him without his *petit chapeau*, or in a "topper."

A collection of hats seems rather an ineffective exhibition, but they are really the most characteristic part of the male costume. The slouch or brigand hat gives great distinction to a spiritual and expressive face, like Tennyson's for example; but at private theatricals, especially with a feather in it, it is capable of transforming a feeble face into that of a downright idiot's. Men in cocked hats look wonderfully alike; they confer no individuality; a General, except for his plumes, cannot be distinguished from a military medico. The common (but not "garden") top-hat is, in one respect, worthy of the estimation in which it is held. Why we should be compelled to go to church in it is inexplicable, but it always had a religious association. When Rogers (who was not beautiful) expressed a wish to be painted in "a devotional attitude," Sydney Smith suggested it should be with his face in his hat, in which so many church-goers seem to find spiritual calm. But there is no doubt that the top-hat has a power which is the attribute of no other headgear. It may not be able to confer distinction even at its glossiest, but when it is in a state of decadence it sinks its wearer in disrespectability fathoms deep. We may talk of the aristocracy of birth, or Nature's true nobility, but let the representative of either wear a bad hat, and to the eye of the observer he becomes a blackguard at once.

The detailed accounts (supplied, let us conclude, by the seconds) of the duel between the Orleans Prince and the Count of Turin rival those of our finest prize-fights. There is, of course, no slang about them. The royal blood is never "tapped" nor spoken of as "claret," but no incident of the conflict is left unrecorded. The agility of the combatants, especially that of the Count, appears to have been very remarkable, and, indeed, quite acrobatic. "The Prince attacked; his opponent stepped back, well gathered up, agile, and his body seemingly shrunk to half its size. The chest almost touched the thighs. The head was on the outstretched arm." This may be permissible in the *haute école* of the duello, but the question naturally arises, What was left for the poor Prince to lunge at save the top of his adversary's head? If the worst comes to the worst with his family, the Count will have the rôle of champion contortionist open to him. "He bounded back," we are told, "every time he lunged forward." This is beyond anything we have ever seen in a circus; it seems to be a contradiction in terms. The Prince, too, was all for action; he was "more inclined to pink than to parry." At close quarters still more amazing things took place. "It was war to the knife. They were chest to chest, their two weapons forming a square." This puts Euclid quite in the wrong, for he says that two straight lines cannot even enclose a space, much less a square. It is fair to add, however, that the Prince's rapier was "a little bent," which perhaps made all the difference. We have read of no such conflict as this even in fiction, save in "Nicholas Nickleby," when the two combatants, the Master Crummles, fought with broadswords under the paternal eye. There was no lunging, of course, but "fancy chops," we are told, were administered, "dealt with the left hand and under the leg, while occasionally the short sailor made a vigorous cut at the tall sailor's legs, which would have shaved them clean off had not the tall sailor jumped over the short sailor's sword, when, to balance the matter and make it all fair, the tall sailor administered the same cut, and the short sailor jumped over his sword." These performers were younger than our two royal combatants, but they did not exceed them in agility.

As sure as the sporting season comes round, so are we certain to have complaints of the exorbitant "vails" exacted by gamekeepers and others attached to the great houses. Young men of birth, but small fortune, are expected to pay as much for the day's sport as for all the game they are likely to shoot, at poulterers' prices. Some gamekeepers, we are told, feel insulted if they do not get "paper," gold being beneath them. There is no one who has more persistently advocated the custom of "tipping" than myself, feeling confident, as I do, that it encourages cheerfulness and attention and gives the advantage to individual civility and agreeable service which they ought to possess. Without it the morose and surly waiter would be on an equality with him who is helpful and pleasant. As examples of what it produces, I adduce our railway-guards and porters, who are civil and polite to everybody, whether to him who "tips" or to him—and especially her—who cannot afford to "tip." The habit of good manners has become so ingrained and universal with them that there is no class in this country who, in this respect, exceeds them. But this tax upon guests in country houses is intolerable. I know of one country gentleman who, when young ladies of small means are staying in his house, will not permit them to give any fees to servants.

This he does with a delicacy that can offend no one: he wraps the fees in a piece of paper—like a doctor's guinea—and addresses them to those to whom they are due. "It is quite right, my dear," he says, "that servants should be remunerated for extra duties, but these are *my* servants, and you must permit me to pay them through your hands." This, however, is a counsel of perfection which few will be induced to follow. As for the extortionists, a young friend of mine staying in a very great house indeed, inquired of another guest, well accustomed to such matters, what he ought to give the butler, a person in appearance resembling a bishop without his apron. "If you are a poor man," he replied, "give him five shillings; if you are a rich man, give him half a sovereign; if you are a fool, give him a whole one." The young gentleman (not of fortune) took his advice, and the smile (not sardonic) and the bow he received in return for his two half-crowns he described as being worth double the money. He felt as if he had been episcopally blessed.

In old times, to dine with a nobleman cost more than a club dinner. Lord Poor, a well-named Irish peer, excused himself from dining with the Duke of Ormond upon the ground that he could not afford it. "If you will give me the guinea I have to pay your cook [fancy!] I will come as often as you choose to ask me," which was accordingly done. The Duke, however, had not the pluck to stop the practice. Lord Taaffe, a general officer in the Austrian service, did what he could. He always attended his guests to the door; when they put their hands into their pockets, he said, "No; if you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who paid for your dinner." To Sir Timothy Waldo must be given the credit of putting an end to the monstrous practice. After dinner with the Duke of Newcastle he put a crown into the cook's hand—it was rejected. "I do not take silver, Sir." "Very good; and I do not give gold." This courageous rejoinder "caught on," and the day of vails to cooks was over.

So many historical, or at least antedated, novels are now published that they bid fair to choke the growth of modern ones. Never was the force of example more illustrated. Mr. Stanley Weyman is answerable for most of them, but now and then there is a likeness to Louis Stevenson that puts the paternity beyond all doubt. "By Stroke of Sword" is one of his literary offspring. We have certainly met M. de Cusac, with his unavoidable "wrist stroke," before, and visited the very place where he practised it. With Jeremy Clephane, the hero of the story, we have had also at least a bowing acquaintance; but he has become much more adventurous in the interval. This is what seems to happen with even the best imitators of their masters in fiction: they seem to be aware of certain shortcomings in sustained interest, and endeavour to make up for it by dramatic situations. Jeremy is justly observed by his friends to have an extraordinary gift for escaping by the skin of his teeth from unpleasant predicaments, which is fortunate for him, since he has a fatal facility for getting into them. If he had known of them beforehand, intrepid as was his spirit, one feels that if he had any acquaintance at all with the doctrine of chances he would have thrown up the sponge in despair. He is, however, as strong as he is brave, and would have been invaluable as an exhibitor at the Aquarium. When a ruffian strikes at him with a dagger (a very trifling incident in his experiences) he seizes his arm, and, bending it with all his force, "the bones snap like a stick across the knee."

The other strives to get away, but he holds him as in a vice, and hears the bone ends grate one against the other as he pulls." Still, he is occasionally overpowered by numbers. His interview under these circumstances with the "Spanish maiden," an automatic female from the Inquisition, full of knives and nails, is full of interest. It is a kind of inverted courtship, the lady being the wooer, and the gentleman desirous of avoiding the embrace. There is also a struggle with a boa-constrictor in a hollow tree, not to be despised by the lover of "sensation." Jeremy's narrowest shave, however, occurred in connection with the Lake of Pitch, in the Isle of Trinidad. He has been pursued thither by bloodhounds, and has no alternative but to try and cross it. He does so and is caught, and sinks in the clinging slime. In this condition he is mocked at by his deadliest foe. By one of those strokes of luck that always happens to Jeremy at the very worst, the other man topples into the lake, and our hero makes use of him—

I gripped one of Saltcombe's arms and dragged him towards me. He could not well resist, for he had no purchase, and soon I had hold of his shoulder, and then I can scarce bear to think upon what followed. If you have ever seen two flies which have stuck fast in the preserves, you may have noted how the one strives to obtain the mastery over the other, and by aid of his body to clamber out of the sticky mess. You may have watched how their little legs work, and how, with their feeble strength, they tear at each other, till at last one is pushed below the surface, and chokes and perishes, while the victor reaches the edge of the bowl and so escapes.

The reader does not need to be told who gets the worst of this. Still, as in the strictest system of predestination, there always seems a chance left; and notwithstanding our conviction of our hero's invulnerability, we are still excited by his adventures, which, indeed, are narrated with much force and vigour.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE INDIAN FRONTIER
TROUBLE.

We learn, with deep regret, from the Indian news telegrams published a day after the page with another article bearing this title had gone to press, that our remarks, apparently well grounded at the time of writing, upon the situation of the North-West Frontier, in the absence of any hostile rising of the Afridi tribes, have become inapplicable to the present aspect of affairs. On Monday morning, it is now known, the fort of Ali Musjid, at the head of the Khyber Pass, ten miles above Jamrud, was suddenly attacked by a large force of Afridis, while others came down to Fort Maude, some miles below, on the road to Jamrud and the Peshawar Valley, attacking this post likewise, which was, after fighting all that day, abandoned by its defenders, with the loss of three men. The Afridis, about eleven o'clock at night, set fire to the buildings at Fort Maude, and retreated up the pass, being pursued by General Westmacott with the 4th Dragoons, the K Battery of Royal Horse Artillery, and other troops. Whether Fort Ali Musjid can be reached in time to save the garrison must be a very anxious question. The garrisons both of Ali Musjid and of Fort Maude consisted of Khyber Rifle Corps troops, three hundred in the former post, but probably not exceeding a detachment of fifty men at Fort Maude, commanded, of course, by British officers. Of the enemy in the Khyber Pass there must be many thousands. It is said that their advancing train was a mile and a half long; these mostly came from the Zakarkhel district. Another body, evidently with a combined movement, was descending upon Kadam, three miles south-west of Jamrud. Fort Sadda was attacked on Monday night, but the Afridis were beaten off by the garrison; and Parachinar, defended against the Orakzais by a wing of the 5th Goorkhas and two hundred of the 36th Sikh Regiment, with three hundred Kuram militia, was expected to withstand an impending assault. The relief of these garrisons might be performed, if they could hold out six days, by General Westmacott pushing forward from Kohat over the tract of mountainous country described by us on another page. There is, however, no reason to fear that the enemy will be able, in any case, to emerge from either the Khyber Pass or the Kohat Pass into the more open country around Peshawar. In the Punjab certainly the forces of the regular army, British and native soldiers, with the most complete military equipment, are numerically superior to the whole fighting strength of all the mountain tribes, Afridis and Mohmands, united against the British Indian Empire. Local disasters may sometimes be inevitable, and should not be too hastily ascribed to want of precaution on the part of the Government in dealing with various tribes of half-savage mountaineers, amenable to fierce and wild fits of fanatical fury at the bidding of their Mullahs or religious preachers of a perverted Mohammedanism, resembling those of the Dervishes and followers of the Mahdi in the African Soudan. It is very likely that this outbreak of Afridi hostility took its rise in exaggerated anticipations of the intended result of the conspiracy to destroy the British garrisons at Malakand and Chakdara, in the Swat Valley, on the road to Chitral. There has been for many years past a permanent secret understanding between the intriguing Mohammedan teachers and councillors and the turbulent tribal chieftains of all the different races of highlanders to the north and to the west of the Peshawar corner of India. The task of effecting their total subjugation, thenceforth dealing promptly with every

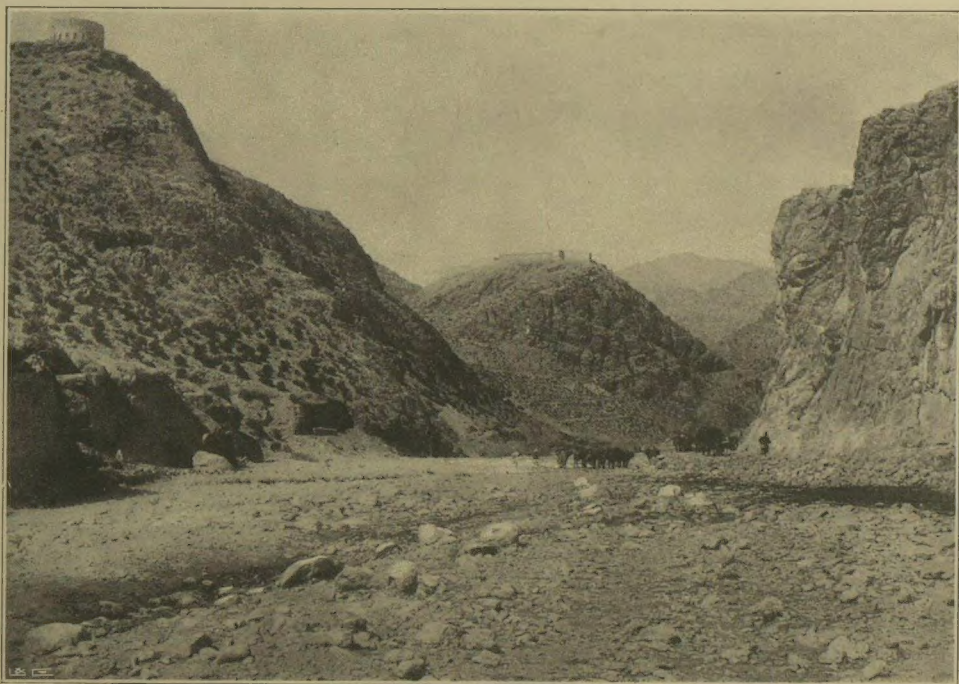


OUR ALLY, THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

From a Photograph by Bourke, Jelalabad.

act of defiance or enmity to British rule, cannot much longer be deferred. The Ameer of Afghanistan solemnly denies all complicity with this movement. In the meantime, it appears, General Sir Bindon Blood's operations in the Swat Valley appear to have been completely successful. On Sunday last the hostile tribes of that district surrendered their firearms, to the number of seven hundred. Several of their chief religious leaders have fled to Mahaban.

At Quetta, far to the south-west, apprehensions of fresh disturbance among the neighbouring mountain tribes are now entertained, and three Beloochi chieftains have been arrested under suspicion of treason. The expedition of General Egerton, with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the 1st Sikhs, and four guns, to chastise the raiders



FORT ALI MUSJID, TAKEN BY THE AFRIDIS: VIEWED FROM THE KHYBER PASS.

From a Photograph by Mr. F. St. John Gore.

of the Tochi district, would set forth on Aug. 23, from Sheranni, and would occupy the Kazha Valley, where the road is still infested by armed predatory gangs, robbing both the Hindu traders and the Government mails.

Our Illustrations include a view of the beleaguered fort, Ali Musjid, which is garrisoned by a detachment of the Khyber Rifles, a body enlisted from the Afridis. The fort stands on a hill in the centre of the narrow Khyber Pass, and dominates the road which passes immediately underneath, and if held by resolute men, would be capable of withstanding any native attack unprovided with artillery; but its loss is not of vital importance, as any garrison can be shelled out by our artillery, and in order to make the road passable the hills on either side must be occupied. Our photographs were taken by Mr. F. St. J. Gore, and illustrate his interesting volume entitled "Lights and Shades of Indian Hill Life," published by Mr. John Murray.

GOLDEN KLONDIKE.

The rush of all sorts and conditions of men towards the new El Dorado of the Klondike Gold-fields grows daily in volume and headlong haste, notwithstanding the grave warnings of Government authorities and travellers experienced in the perils of the Alaskan winter. The shore at Dyea is described as mountainous with the baggage of the adventurous already embarked upon it, and fresh ridges are piled up with the arrival of every steamer from Juneau, so that the departure of heavily laden trains reduces the bulk hardly at all. As many of the travellers have not the money to defray the duties enforced by the Canadian Government, their household goods and mining paraphernalia are likely to remain on the beach for many a long day. Meantime the Government is doing its best to counteract the rashness of would-be gold-seekers by enforcing regulations against the departure of those inadequately equipped for the perils of Chilkoot Pass. The spiritual welfare of the great mining population which will shortly overrun the Klondike gold district is to be cared for in the first instance by the Salvation Army, a Mr. Dale, a rich miner lately converted to the "Army's" methods, having started from Tuolumne City for Klondike, where he is to be reinforced by two of Miss Eva Booth's Canadian officers.

The Lynn Canal is an inlet of the sea running up for some eighty to one hundred miles from the northern point of Admiralty Island. This natural canal averages about ten miles in width. On the left hand shore is passed the Davidson Glacier, which is the most conspicuous, as to form and grandeur, met with on the way north. Lynn Canal narrows at its head to Taiya Inlet. A few miles from the head the Scagway Bay Association, Limited, a London company, have this season erected wharves, stores, a hotel, and saw-mill. This is the landing-place for the

White Pass, over which is by far the best road to Klondike, indeed, the only practicable one.

From a private letter received within the last few days we learn that the road has been completed across the pass, that three men rode on horseback the thirty miles in one day between Skagway and the head of the navigable waters, Loosha Lake, leading to the Lewes and the Yukon Rivers. Already the road is thronged with men and women hurrying to the gold-fields.

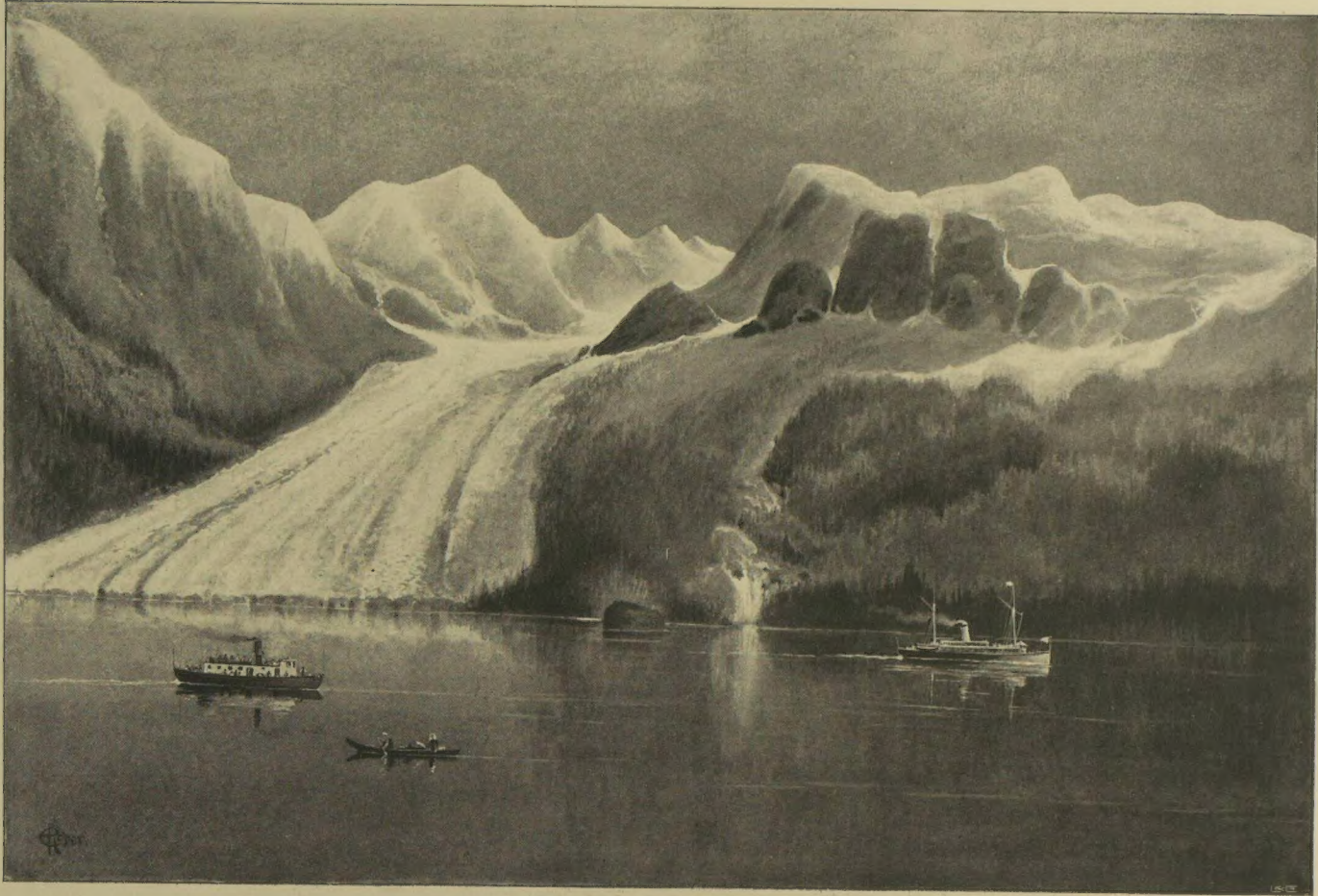
Our view of Bella Coola was taken from the mouth of the river as it enters the North Bentinck arm. It is about 350 miles north from Victoria. The journey from Victoria, British Columbia, or Vancouver (city), northwards to the place of embarkation for the Yukon country is the most picturesque and enjoyable imaginable. So much fine scenery is hardly to be found in any other part of the world. It is a sea voyage, it is true, but it is difficult to realise that it is salt water that is being traversed.



THE KLONDIKE GOLD DISCOVERIES.—PERILS OF TRAVEL IN ALASKA: CROSSING A GLACIAL TORRENT WITH INDIAN GUIDES.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Drawings by Edward Roper.



IN THE LYNN CANAL.



PASSING THE ENTRANCE TO BENTINCK ARM AND BELLA-COOLA RIVER.

PERSONAL.

It is not often that a new Canon finds himself greeted with the chorus of praise given to Lord Salisbury's choice of Mr. A. F. Winnington-Ingram for the vacant stall in St. Paul's Cathedral. But Bishop Browne's successor has early in life reached a variety of distinctions in the Church. Born in 1858 he was educated at Marlborough and went thence to Keble College, Oxford. Here he took a First Class in Moderations and a Second in Classical Greats. Mr. Winnington-Ingram was not at once ordained, but spent three years in reading and work, partly in Germany. In 1884 he was admitted to holy orders by the Bishop of Lichfield, to whom he acted as private chaplain. His real opportunity came when in 1889 he was appointed Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green. Mr. Winnington-Ingram entered immediately into the work of this remarkable organisation. He speedily showed great aptitude in dealing with the religious and social problems of East-End life. Very soon he was regarded as an expert upon all that concerned the Church's work among the poor. He is an able speaker both in the pulpit and on the platform, and has been Select Preacher both at Oxford and Cambridge.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE REV. A. F. WINNINGTON-INGRAM,
New Canon of St. Paul's.

The death is announced of the oldest clergyman in the diocese of York. This was the Rev. George Scott, who had reached the age of eighty-three, and who had been Vicar of Coxwold since 1843, an almost prehistoric period in the case of Anglican clericalism. He was at one time the best shot, or almost the best, in the county of good shots; he was known far and wide in the North of England as a sportsman, and he had a great love for Laurence Sterne, who had been a clergyman close at hand of yet another type and day.

The Prince of Wales is to be the guest of the Earl of Durham, he hopes for nearly a week, at Lambton Castle in November. The scenery closest to the castle is not very romantic, and the presence of the coal-mine puts the vegetation into general mourning. But the Lambton coverts are well stocked, and some good sport is expected.

Viscount Cranley, eldest son of the Earl of Onslow, attained his majority on Monday. To South Kensington dwellers in the Gardens and Places that bear the names of father and son the event was of little interest; but there was great festivity among tenants in the country. Tenants on the Surrey, Essex, and Norfolk estates gathered together at Clondon Park, where Lord Onslow presided, and where Lord Cranley made a neat speech after dinner. The Mayor and Corporation of Guildford, together with the leaders of local government in the county of Surrey, were similarly entertained at dinner; and Lady Onslow gave a garden-party and a ball.

Princess Henry of Pless has sent to the Queen her album of Jubilee congratulations, with an accompanying present, from Englishmen and Englishwomen whose marriages were, so to say, made in Germany. Her Majesty, making her acknowledgments through her secretary, begs the Princess (who was herself a Grosvenor) to convey her thanks to all who were associated in "this generous undertaking," and she adds that "she will ever prize the personal souvenir in the form of a diamond and emerald bracelet."

The death of Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Drummond Jervois, G.C.M.G., F.R.S., Colonel-Commandant Royal Engineers, took place at Bitterne Court, Hants, and was due to a carriage accident. Born at Cowes in 1821, the son of an officer of some distinction, he himself entered the Royal Engineers in 1839, and was sent shortly afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope, where he did duty for seven years. There he took part in an expedition against the Boers, made roads, and built bridges. Later, he went with General Sir George Berkeley to the Kaffir War, making a military survey and map of Kaffraria. His next task was that of designing and executing fortifications in Alderney. As Assistant Inspector-General of Fortifications, and as Secretary to the Royal Commission appointed in the fifties to inquire into the defences of the country, and also to the Permanent Defence Committee,

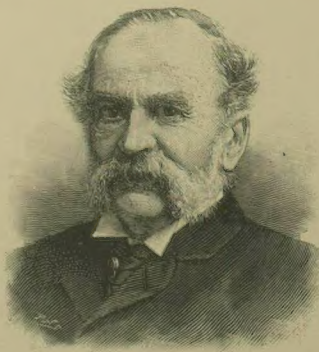


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR WILLIAM JERVOIS.

he gained experience which well qualified him to become the confidential adviser of Lord Palmerston and other Secretaries of State, on matters of national defence. The fortifications of our own coast, as well as of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Bermuda, Malta, Gibraltar, India, and Australia, bear witness to his far-reaching industry and skill. In 1875 he was appointed Governor of the Straits Settlements, and of New Zealand in 1882.

Lord Roberts declines to credit the statement that the Moslem fanaticism which is giving so much trouble on our Indian frontier is due to sympathy with the Sultan. The "mad Mullahs" who have stirred up the tribes are illiterate men, and unlikely to know anything about events in Thessaly. British rule over a Mohammedan population is sure to provoke religious outbreaks from time to time. All the same, the success of Abdul Hamid may have caused a commotion in the Moslem world. It is too much to say that we ought always to back the Sultan because England is a Mohammedan Power. By the same reasoning, our expedition against the Mahdi would stand condemned. But if the Mahdi were victorious we might have to pay a penalty in the Sudan and elsewhere.

Every statesman has to study the art of apology. Dr. Stoiloff said insulting things about the Austrian royal family in an interview, with the result that the Austrian diplomatic agent at Sofia took a holiday. The Bulgarian Premier has now expressed his regrets, and thrown most of the blame on the interviewer. Here is a variation of the famous injunction to counsel for the defendant: "No case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney." It is the interviewer who comes in for the abuse now. Austria will graciously condescend to be appeased, and Baron Call's holiday will come to an end. Diplomacy is full of these delightful figments. Hence the grave significance attached to the circumstance that the Czar offered Mr. Faure a cigar as soon as they met. Perhaps this is all the more praiseworthy because the French President is a bad sailor and may not have been in the mood for tobacco at that precise moment.

Sir John Dunne, D.L., whose Jubilee Knighthood was given to mark his long public service of forty years as Chief Constable of Cumberland and Westmorland, had previously served in a similar capacity the cities of Norwich and Newcastle-on-Tyne. Once he was the youngest officer ever appointed to the command of large police forces, and now he is the Senior Chief Constable in the Kingdom. Many excellent achievements of Sir John Dunne have been remembered in connection with the police congratulations offered to him by County Councils and magistrates in his locality, among the rest the strong local measures he took at the time of the cattle plague for its repression. Sir John has always been a very popular chief among his men, to whom he tenders from time to time kindly counsels of police-force perfection.

A Paris journal expects wonderful effects from the "Marseillaise" in Russia. As the French National Anthem must be played many times a day by Russian bands during President Faure's visit to the Czar, it is calculated that by this means Republican principles may be instilled into Russian heads. The Czar does not seem to be alarmed by this contingency. There was a time, no doubt, when the "Marseillaise" caused a fever of political proselytism, but we are not living in 1793, and the whole character of the Third French Republic is different from the first.

France has been plunged into gloom by the breakdown of one of her war-ships, the *Bruic*, which was to have accompanied the President to Cronstadt. Water got into the cylinders, and the *Bruic* was eternally disgraced. This has led our neighbours to the conclusion that the whole of their navy is a fraud. We are accustomed to panic haste of that kind in this country. Whenever a boiler goes wrong it is announced that every war-ship is useless. There might have been serious uneasiness here if the French had been able to make the voyage to Cronstadt without mishap. But now we feel that Britannia still rules the waves.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed to the Vicarage of Kennington a clergyman who was ordained only four years ago. This has drawn a protest from the Curates' Union on the ground that there are several thousand unbeneficed clergymen of long standing from whom a suitable Vicar of Kennington might have been chosen. The Archbishop, in reply, does not argue this point, but expresses the opinion that the needs of the unbeneficed can be met only by a clergy pension fund. There is a good deal of force in this, but it cannot be said that the heads of the Church are showing much practical zeal for the creation of such a fund.

Sir William Turner has told the British Association at Toronto that the brain of man weighs more than that of woman. His inference is that equality of intellect between the sexes is thus disproved. Unfortunately, it does not always follow that a heavy brain means a proportionate power of mind. A brain weighing sixty ounces was once found inside the skull of a dull old peasant. Sir William Turner is likely to hear a good many feminine gibes on this point.

Mr. George Palmer, of Reading, whose death took place on Aug. 19, was the pioneer of the great biscuit industry inseparably associated with his name. Born in 1828, of Somersetshire yeoman parentage, Mr. Palmer by sheer force of character and business capacity forced himself into the position of successful affluence of which Reading is the visible symbol. By his inventive genius Mr. Palmer found the lever by which he raised himself to fortune. Machinery became necessary for his business. None existed, but he constructed it. A staunch Quaker, George Palmer held himself aloof from art and literature, from fashion and frivolity. His politics were professedly Liberal, but were marked by a narrowness not unaccountable in one who so kept himself to himself. Mr. Palmer represented Reading in Parliament from 1878 to 1885. He was a J.P. for Berks, and interested himself in the welfare of the county. He could be generous when he saw a good opportunity, and he has left behind him many who remember gratefully his timely assistance. His employes admired and loved him, the farmers of Berkshire liked and respected him. He is survived by four sons and four daughters.

Probably the only known English umbrella in bronze is that which forms an accessory of the figure set up by the town of Reading to Mr. George Palmer in his own lifetime. His silk hat, too, has been cast in metal in this same realistic effigy, as well as every crease in his coat. Realism of this sort shows that Reading has an appreciation of a certain modern school of sculpture in Italy, where, by the way, the biscuit of Reading is equally appreciated, used to be largely bought, and is now closely imitated.

Lord Penrhyn has made peace with his quartermen. The agreement is claimed as a victory for both sides, and that, perhaps, is the best guarantee for its permanence. It is said that the terms are exactly those which the men refused in May; while, on the other hand, the friends of the men affirm that they have successfully asserted the right of combination which their employer disputed. Anyway, the strikers are to be restored in a body, and there is great rejoicing at Bethesda over the termination of this lamentable dispute.

The retirement of Sir Robert Giffen deprives the public service of its most famous statistician. It is upon Sir Robert's calculations at the Board of Trade that optimists have based all their conclusions as to the growing prosperity of the country. When the working classes grumbled, Sir Robert Giffen showed them by tables that they were far better off than their fellows fifty years ago. It is believed that on his retirement he will devote himself to more than one work in connection with the industrial development of the people.

Since his entry upon his new duties as High Commissioner at Cape Town, Sir Alfred Milner has been entertaining on a most hospitable scale at Government House, apparently counting balls and parties of various kinds mere details in his busy life. The result is that he is already becoming well acquainted with the motley community of colonists with whom he has to deal, and the colonists in turn are learning to appreciate their High Commissioner in an unusually short space of time, for there is nothing that wins their sympathies more speedily than a pleasant hospitality.

On Aug. 20 at Vergara, in Spain, the sentence of death passed by the court-martial of army officers upon Michel Angiolotti, the murderer of the late Prime Minister of Spain, Señor Canovas de Castillo, was duly executed. The last word of Angiolotti was "Germania!" This is supposed to be an allusion to M. Zola's remarkable book of the same name; but Mr. Ernest Vizelet points out that M. Zola did not invent the name, which belonged to one of the months rechristened by the French Jacobins, and was intended to suggest seed-time. This, no doubt, was the meaning it had for Angiolotti, who believed that assassination is the sowing of Anarchist seed. Some of the seed in the parable fell by the wayside, and the thorns sprang up and choked it. The Spanish garrotte choked Angiolotti.

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Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE PALMER.



Photo Scott, Cavendish.
SIR JOHN DUNNE.



Photo Ouvreire, Marseilles.
MICHEL ANGILOTTI,
The Spanish Premier's Assassin.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, remaining at Osborne until Tuesday, Aug. 31, when she leaves her southern marine villa for Balmoral Castle, has been accompanied, as usual, by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princess Frederica of Hanover for her guest. The Earl of Derby on Friday last week visited her Majesty, and received from her the insignia of a Knight of the Order of the Garter, created in succession to the late Earl of Sefton. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, was also one of the Queen's visitors last week.

The Prince of Wales, recognised only as Lord Renfrew, is at Marienbad, in Bohemia, drinking the medicinal waters for the benefit of his health.

The King of Siam left England on Saturday for Germany, and will also visit Belgium and Holland, returning afterwards to Taplow Court for the remainder of the summer.

Two vessels of the Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Phaeton*, cruiser, and the torpedo-destroyer *Thrasher*, came into collision off the Eddystone on the night of Aug. 19, while the latter was under convoy of the former on a voyage to the Pacific. The *Thrasher*, being much damaged, has been docked at Plymouth for repairs. A petty officer was knocked overboard and drowned.

The troops of the Aldershot military division, under command of the Duke of Connaught, had a great field-day on Saturday, on the Fox Hills, two opposed forces commanded respectively by Major-General Bengough and Major-General Sir Reginald Talbot, each comprising ten or eleven battalions of infantry, with cavalry and artillery, contending for the line along the canal between Brookwood and Frimley, part of an extended scheme of operations continuing several days. There was a battalion of militia engaged. On Monday the manoeuvres extended to new ground, west of the Windsor Ride.

A largely attended conference of district delegates of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association, meeting at Liverpool, resolved on Sunday to carry on their agitation, and to collect funds in order that it should be rendered effective, if the Government refuse their demands. The Postmaster-General has issued a warning against exciting to acts of insubordination.

The dispute between employers and employed in the engineering trade, and the consequent stoppage of work, has had an injurious effect also upon the condition of the ship-builders and other classes of labourers at the Elswick Yard on the Tyne. Six or seven hundred of these were discharged on Saturday because the ships they were constructing will not have their engines ready for them. The total number of men now kept out of employ is forty-five thousand, of whom the engineers on strike are differently reckoned at between nineteen and twenty-one thousand. Nearly all the collieries in south-east Lancashire have greatly reduced their operations, since all the large engineering works, the chief consumers of coal, have of late been closed.

The Co-operative Labour Association on Aug. 19 opened its annual conference at the Crystal Palace, Mr. G. J. Holyoake presiding; and Mr. J. M. Ludlow, formerly Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, was elected president for the ensuing year.

The British Association of Science, meeting at Toronto, commenced its proceedings on Aug. 18, when Lord Lister, the retiring President, yielded the chair to Sir John Evans, who delivered his inaugural address, chiefly upon the topics of prehistoric archaeology and the antiquity of mankind.

A sudden rise of prices in all the corn-markets of America and Europe, bringing wheat up to thirty-eight shillings the quarter, has affected the commercial world, and most of the bakers are quickly taking this opportunity to raise the price of bread, in our own country as well as in the Continental cities and towns.

The President of the French Republic, M. Felix Faure, has arrived in Russia, on his State visit to the Czar Nicholas II., greeted with more national enthusiasm, and with not less parade of Court festivities, than the German Emperor William II. immediately preceding him. His voyage in the French war-ship *Pothuau* from Dunkirk, by the Danish Little Belt and up the Baltic, was somewhat marred as a naval demonstration by an accident to one of the ships of his escort, the *Bruix*, which was forced to

return by damage to her steam-engines, but was superseded by another ship. On approaching Cronstadt, the *Pothuau* was met by the Czar and the Grand Duke Alexis in the imperial yacht *Alexandra*, which conveyed him to the palace at Peterhof. He would stay in Russia till Thursday, with a grand reception in the city of St. Petersburg, doing reverence to the tombs of the Czars at the fortress-cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, witnessing an army review at Krasnoe Selo, and otherwise following in the footsteps of the recent German imperial visitor. On Tuesday he laid the foundation stone of a new bridge over the Neva.

A judicial inquiry by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine at Paris, concerning the terrible disaster of the fire at the charity bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon several months ago, has been proceeding some days. The president of the bazaar managing committee, Baron de Mackau, and two persons—Bailac and Bagrachoff—who worked the lighting apparatus of the "cinematographe," were indicted for culpable negligence. Baron de Mackau is fined five hundred francs, and the two others are sentenced to imprisonment.

Several murders and attempted dynamite bomb explosions have been detected at Constantinople, which are imputed to the Armenian conspirators. Some persons of that race, and a few Turks also suspected of revolutionary designs, have been arrested by the Sultan's police. The diplomatic negotiations for terms of peace between Greece and Turkey are still continued; the chief difficulties are those of providing a sufficient guarantee for the pecuniary compensation to be paid by Greece, and the temporary

MUSIC.

While London, so far as music is concerned, has been ceasing from trouble and allowing the weary singer to rest, the voices of Continental vocal artists have been upraised in every quarter in song and drama. In Germany, particularly, there has been an exceedingly lively time during the last month, and the announcements for next month show that at present the course is still running merrily. At Bayreuth the season is ended, to the tune of some praise, but of far more blame. It appears to be recognised on all hands that it is nothing but sheer folly to entrust the production of so important a work as the "Ring" to the hands of Siegfried Wagner, whose capacity for conducting we have tested in London, and have found to be lamentably wanting. It is natural that the Wagner family should like to keep as much of the *kudos* of Bayreuth within the family circle as is possible; but the sad fact remains that Wagner had no power to scatter the inheritance of his genius over the Villa Walmfried, and the results are now beginning to be indeed disastrous.

Meanwhile, in Munich, where the things of art are astonishingly cared for, a kind of complementary cyclis to that of Bayreuth has been in progress since the beginning of August. On Sunday, Aug. 15 (writes a correspondent from Munich) one of the most satisfactory performances possible of "Die Meistersinger" was given at the Hof-Theater, with an Eva only second to Madame Farnes in Frau Tenger-Bettaque, and an exceedingly fine Walther in Herr Gerhäuser, whose voice, however, tired a little towards the end of the opera. The singing all round was on a very excellent level, but the singular

beauty of the performance lay in the completeness with which the whole idea of the opera was rendered.

The same is to be said of the "Tannhäuser" given on the evening of Tuesday, Aug. 17, at the same theatre. The casts which we heard last season in London were, on the whole, better than the Munich cast; but the combination of absolute smoothness in the acting and singing with the most perfect effects of stage-management gave the listener an infinitely more effective impression of the opera as an opera, with a significance, a meaning, and a connected beauty of its own. In a word, there was nothing to distract the mind from the unrolment of that great tragedy, and the result was a perfect whole, the beauty of which was never disturbed for one moment from its legitimate issues. The same may be said of the performance of "Tristan" on the evening of Thursday, Aug. 19, which, however—chiefly on account of the general simplicity of the scenery and the magnificent performances of the brothers de Reszke—was distinctly less interesting than the Covent Garden interpretations of last season, in spite of their occasional mutilation. Frau Tenger-Bettaque's Isolde was not short of magnificent, and the whole setting was eminently worthy.

That development in opera, however, in which Munich has been conspicuously shining during the last two or three years is the movement which has been in progress to set somewhere upon their right level the magnificent operas of Mozart. At the present moment four of his masterpieces now get something of their due; and on Saturday, Aug. 21, the new production of this year, with entirely new scenery, under the direction of Herr Strauss, "Cosi fan tutte," was given at the Residenz-Theater. It is an opera belonging to Mozart's most wonderful period, and it was given with a beauty and a perfection for which only superlative praise is possible. Da Ponte's story, in that jewelled musical setting, was told with a humour, a rapidity, and an intelligibility that kept the mind in a perpetual condition of intoxicated enjoyment.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISINGS: "PEACE OR WAR?" JIRGA OR COUNCIL OF PATHANS AT THULL, ON THE FRONTIER.

The "Jirga" is a council of the leading men of a clan, assembled in the way which is customary for the settling of the business of the country. The men here in conclave had come down from the hills around to discuss with the Political Officer the question whether they would fight us or not. They all sit at the door of the Political Officer's tent, the leading men in front, and each in turn speaks, urging his point with considerable skill. A man's rank among these clans is judged by the quality of the weapons he wears, and these men had all good Martini-Henry rifles, which at some time or other were no doubt stolen in India, where the loss of rifles among our native troops is of frequent occurrence.

military occupation of some places in Thessaly by the Turkish army. The Sultan demands to retain Larissa and Volo.

An International Medical Congress, held at Moscow, under the presidency of the Grand Duke Sergius, has brought together several thousand members of the profession from different countries of Europe. Sir William MacCormac, of Belfast, was one of the chief representatives of our nation, with Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir William Stokes, Dr. Burnett, Professor Simpson, Dr. Lauder Brunton, and Dr. Lawson Tait.

Since the capture and occupation of Abu Hamed by the Egyptian army on the Upper Nile, rapid progress has been made in constructing the direct line of railway from Wady Halfa southward across the Nubian Desert. The length already completed is 137 miles; the ground is everywhere smooth and even, rising but very gradually to an elevation of 1600 ft. in the middle of the great desert; and three wells have been sunk, with underground tunnels, yielding a plentiful supply of water to the camp of labourers, numbering about 3000 men, under Captain Ford Hutchinson's command. It may be that a new direct road of traffic between Egypt and the Sudan, created by modern engineering skill as an incident of the present military operations, will in a short time, for purposes of commerce, supersede the difficult and circuitous navigation of the vast bend of the Nile with its perilous cataracts and rapids, while converting a barren desert into a land fit for human habitation.

On the West Coast of Africa, the fugitive King of Benin has surrendered and made his submission, on Aug. 7, to the British Acting Resident, Captain Roupell. He will probably be consigned to an easy inglorious life in exile upon the return of Consul-General Moor.

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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISINGS: THE TOCHI VALLEY ADVANCE.



THE 93RD HIGHLANDERS MARCHING INTO DATTA KHEL.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant E. Molyneux, Tochi Field Force.



CAMP OF THE 1ST BRIGADE OF THE TOCHI FIELD FORCE: VIEW OF COUNTRY LOOKING DOWN THE TOCHI RIVER FROM SHERANNI AND MAIZAR.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. A. Crookshank, Tochi Field Force.



ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD.

I HAVE got twenty men at me back who will fight to the death," said the warrior to the old filibuster. "And they can be blown for all me," replied the old filibuster. "Common as sparrows. Cheap as cigarettes. Show me twenty men with steel clamps on their mouths, with holes in their heads where memory ought to be, and I want 'em. But twenty brave men merely? I'd rather have twenty brave onions."

Thereupon the warrior removed sadly, feeling that no salaams were paid to valour in these days of mechanical excellence.

Valour, in truth, is no bad thing to have when filibustering; but many medals are to be won by the man who knows not the meaning of "pow-wow," before or afterwards. Twenty brave men with tongues hung lightly may make trouble rise from the ground like smoke from grass, because of their subsequent fiery pride; whereas twenty cow-eyed villains who accept unrighteous and far-compelling kicks as they do the rain from heaven may halo the ultimate history of an expedition with gold, and plentifully bedeck their names, winning forty years of gratitude from patriots, simply by remaining silent. As for the cause, it may be only that they have no friends or other credulous furniture.

If it were not for the curse of the swinging tongue it is surely to be said that the filibustering industry, flourishing now in the United States, would be pie. Under correct conditions, it is merely a matter of dealing with some little detectives whose skill at search is rated by those who pay them at a value of twelve or twenty dollars each week. It is nearly axiomatic that normally a twelve-dollar per week detective cannot defeat a one hundred thousand dollar filibustering excursion. Against the criminal, the detective represents the commonwealth, but in this other case he represents his desire to show cause why his salary should be paid. He represents himself merely, and he counts no more than a grocer's clerk.

But the pride of the successful filibuster often smites him and his cause like an axe, and men who have not confided in their mothers go prone with him. It can make the dome of the Capitol tremble and incite the Senators to over-turning benches. It can increase the salaries of detectives who could not detect the location of a pain in the chest. It is a wonderful thing, this pride.

Filibustering was once such a simple game. It was managed blandly by gentle captains and smooth and undisturbed gentlemen, who at other times dealt in law, soap, medicine, and bananas. It was a great pity that the little cote of doves in Washington were obliged to rustle officially, and naval men were kept from their berths at night, and sundry Custom House people got wiggings, all because the returned adventurer pow-wow'd in his pride.



The stoker smote his mate with an iron shovel, and the man fell headlong over a heap of coal.

A yellow and red banner would have been long since smothered in a shame of defeat if a contract to filibuster had been let to some admirable organisation like one of our trusts.

And yet the game is not obsolete. It is still played by the wise and the silent men whose names are not display-typed and blathered from one end of the country to the other.

There is in mind now a man who knew one side of a fence from the other side when he looked sharply. They were hunting for captains then to command the first vessels of what has since become a famous little fleet. One was recommended to this man, and he said, "Send him down to my office and I'll look him over." He was an attorney, and he liked to lean back in his chair, twirl a paper-knife, and let the other fellow talk.

The seafaring man came and stood and appeared confounded. The attorney asked the terrible first question of the filibuster to the applicant. He said, "Why do you want to go?"

The captain reflected, changed his attitude three times, and decided ultimately that he didn't know. He seemed greatly ashamed. The attorney, looking at him, saw that he had eyes that resembled a lambkin's eyes.

"Glory?" said the attorney at last.

"No-o," said the captain.

"Pay?"

"No-o. Not that so much."

"Think they'll give you a land grant when they win out?"

"No; never thought."

"No glory; no immense pay; no land grant. What are you going for, then?"

"Well, I don't know," said the captain, with his glance on the floor and shifting his position again. "I don't know. I guess it's just for fun mostly." The attorney asked him out to have a drink.

When he stood on the bridge of his outgoing steamer, the attorney saw him again. His shore meekness and uncertainty were gone. He was clear-eyed and strong, aroused like a mastiff at night. He took his cigar out of his mouth and yelled some sudden language at the deck.

This steamer had about her a quality of unholy medieval disrepair, which is usually accounted the principal prerogative of the United States Revenue Marine. There is many a seaworthy ice-house if she were a good ship. She swashed through the seas as genially as an old wooden clock, burying her head under waves that came only like children at play, and, on board, it cost a ducking to go from anywhere to anywhere.

The captain had commanded vessels that shore-people thought were liners; but when a man gets the ant of desire-to-see-what-it's-like stirring in his heart, he will wallow out to sea in a pail. The thing surpasses a man's love for his sweetheart. The great tank-steamer *Thunder-Voice* had long been Flanagan's sweetheart, but he was far happier off Hatteras watching this wretched little port-manteau boom down the slant of a wave.

The crew scraped acquaintance one with another gradually. Each man came ultimately to ask his neighbour what particular turn of ill-fortune or inherited deviltry caused him to try this voyage. When one frank, bold man saw another frank, bold man aboard, he smiled, and they became friends. There was not a mind on board the ship that was not fastened to the dangers of the coast of Cuba, and taking wonder at this prospect and delight in it. Still, in jovial moments they termed each other accursed idiots.

At first there was some trouble in the engine-room, where there were many steel animals, for the most part painted red and in other places very shiny—bewildering, complex, incomprehensible to anyone who don't care, usually thumping, thumping, thumping with the monotony of a snore.

It seems that this engine was as whimsical as a gas-metre. The chief engineer was a fine old fellow with a grey moustache, but the engine told him that it didn't intend to budge until it felt better. He came to the bridge and said, "The blamed old thing has laid down on us, Sir."

"Who was on duty?" roared the captain.

"The second, Sir."

"Why didn't he call you?"

"Don't know, Sir." Later the stokers had occasion to thank the stars that they were not second engineers.

The *Foundling* was soundly thrashed by the waves for loitering while the captain and the engineers fought the obstinate machinery. During this wait on the sea, the first gloom came to the faces of the company. The ocean is wide, and a ship is a small place for the feet, and an ill ship is worrisome. Even when she was again under way, the gloom was still upon the crew. From time to time men went to the engine-room doors and, looking down, wanted to ask questions of the chief engineer, who slowly prowled to and fro and watched with careful eye his red-painted mysteries. No man wished to have a companion know that he was anxious, and so questions were caught at the lips. Perhaps none commented save the first mate, who remarked to the captain, "Wonder what the bally old thing will do, Sir, when we're chased by a Spanish cruiser?"

The captain merely grinned. Later he looked over the side and said to himself with scorn, "Sixteen knots! sixteen

knots! Sixteen hinges on the inner gates of Hades! Sixteen knots! Seven is her gait, and nine if you crack her up to it."

There may never be a captain whose crew can't sniff his misgivings. They scent it as a herd scents the menace far through the trees and over the ridges. A captain that does not know that he is on a foundering ship sometimes can take his men to tea and buttered toast twelve minutes before the disaster, but let him fret for a moment in the loneliness of his cabin, and in no time it affects the liver of a distant and sensitive seaman. Even as Flanagan reflected on the *Foundling*, viewing her as a filibuster, word arrived that a winter of discontent had come to the stoke-room.

The captain knew that it requires sky to give a man courage. He sent for a stoker and talked to him on the bridge. The man, standing under the sky, instantly and shamefacedly denied all knowledge of the business; nevertheless, a jaw had presently to be broken by a fist because the *Foundling* could only steam nine knots, and because the stoke-room has no sky, no wind, no bright horizon.

When the *Foundling* was somewhere off Savannah a blow came from the north-east, and the steamer, headed south-east, rolled like a boiling potato. The first mate was a fine officer, and so a wave crashed him into the deck-house and broke his arm. The cook was a good cook, and so the heave of the ship flung him heels over head with a pot of boiling water and caused him to lose interest in everything save his legs. "By the piper," said Flanagan to himself, "this filibustering is no trick with cards."

Later there was more trouble in the stoke-room. All the stokers participated save the one with a broken jaw, who had become discouraged. The captain had an excellent chest development. When he went aft, roaring, it was plain that a man could beat carpets with a voice like that one.

II.

One night the *Foundling* was off the southern coast of Florida, and running at half-speed towards the shore. The captain was on the bridge. "Four flashes at intervals of one minute," he said to himself, gazing steadfastly towards the beach. Suddenly a yellow eye opened in the black face of the night and looked at the *Foundling* and closed again. The Captain studied his watch and the shore. Three times more the eye opened and looked at the *Foundling* and closed again. The captain called to the vague figures on the deck below him, "Answer it." The flash of a light from the bow of the steamer displayed for a moment in golden colour the crests of the inriving waves.

The *Foundling* lay to and waited. The long swells rolled her gracefully, and her two stub masts reaching into the darkness swung with the solemnity of bâtons timing a dirge. When the ship had left Boston she had been as encrusted with ice as a Dakota stage-driver's beard, but now the gentle wind of Florida softly swayed the lock on the forehead of the coatless Flanagan, and he lit a new cigar without troubling to make a shield of his hands.

Finally a dark boat came plashing over the waves. As it came very near, the captain leaned forward and perceived that the men in her rowed like seamstresses, and at the same time a voice hailed him in bad English. "It's a dead sure connection," said he to himself.

At sea, to load two hundred thousand rounds of rifle ammunition, seven hundred and fifty rifles, two rapid-fire field guns with a hundred shells, forty bundles of machetes, and a hundred pounds of dynamite, from yaws, and by men who are not born stevedores, and in a heavy ground swell and with the searchlight of a United States cruiser sometimes flashing like lightning in the sky to the southward, is no business for a Sunday-school class. When at last the *Foundling* was steaming for the open over the grey sea at dawn, there was not a man of the forty come aboard from the Florida shore, nor of the fifteen sailed from Boston, who was not glad, standing with his hair matted to his forehead with sweat, smiling at the broad wake of the *Foundling* and the dim streak on the horizon which was Florida.

But there is a point of the compass in these waters men call the north-east. When the strong winds come from that direction they kick up a turmoil that is not good for a *Foundling* stuffed with coals and war-stores. In the gale which came, this ship was no more than a drunken soldier.

The Cuban leader, standing on the bridge with the captain, was presently informed that of his men, thirty-nine out of a possible thirty-nine were sea-sick. And in truth they were sea-sick. There are degrees in this complaint, but that matter was waived between them. They were all sick to the limits. They strewed the deck in every posture of human anguish, and when the *Foundling* ducked and water came sluicing down from the bows, they let it sluice. They were satisfied if they could keep their heads clear of the wash; and if they could not keep their heads clear of the wash, they didn't care. Presently the *Foundling* swung her course to the south-east, and the waves pounded her broadside. The patriots were all ordered below decks, and there they howled and measured their misery one against another. All day the *Foundling* plopped and floundered over a blazing bright meadow of an ocean whereon the white foam was like flowers.

The captain on the bridge mused and studied the bare horizon. "Hell!" said he to himself, and the word was more in amazement than in indignation or sorrow.

"Thirty-nine sea-sick passengers, the mate with a broken arm, a stoker with a broken jaw, the cook with a pair of scalded legs, and an engine likely to be taken with all these diseases, if not more! If I get back to a home port with a spoke of the wheel gripped in my hands, it'll be fair luck!"

There is a kind of corn-whisky bred in Florida which the natives declare is potent in the proportion of seven fights to a drink. Some of the Cuban volunteers had had the forethought to bring a small quantity of this whisky aboard with them, and being now in the fire-room and sea-sick, feeling that they would not care to drink liquor for two or three years to come, they gracefully tendered their portions to the stokers. The stokers accepted these gifts without avidity, but with a certain earnestness of manner.

As they were stokers, and toiling, the whirl of emotion was delayed, but it arrived ultimately, and with emphasis. One stoker called another stoker a weird name, and the latter, righteously inflamed at it, smote his mate with an iron shovel, and the man fell headlong over a heap of coal, which crashed gently while piece after piece rattled down upon the deck.

A third stoker was providentially enraged at the scene, and assailed the second stoker. They fought for some moments, while the sea-sick Cubans sprawled on the deck watched with languid rolling glances the ferocity of this scuffle. One was so indifferent to the strategic importance of the space he occupied that he was kicked on the shins.

When the second engineer came to separating the combatants, he was sincere in his efforts, and he came near to disabling them for life.

The captain said, "I'll go down there and—" But the leader of the Cubans restrained him. "No, no," he cried, "you must not. We must treat them like children, very gently, all the time, you see, or else when we get back to a United States port they will—what you call? Spring? Yes, spring the whole business. We must—jolly them, you see?"

"You mean," said the captain thoughtfully, "they are likely to get mad, and give the expedition dead away when we reach port again unless we harney them now?"

"Yes, yes," cried the Cuban leader, "unless we are so very gentle with them they will make many troubles afterwards for us in the newspapers and then in court."

"Well, but I won't have my crew—" began the captain.

"But you must," interrupted the Cuban, "you must. It is the only thing. You are like the captain of a pirate ship. You see? Only you can't throw them overboard like him. You see?"

"Hum," said the captain, "this here filibustering business has got a lot to it when you come to look it over."

He called the fighting stokers to the bridge, and the three came, meek and considerably battered. He was lecturing them soundly but sensibly, when he suddenly tripped a sentence and cried—"Here! Where's that other fellow? How does it come he wasn't in the fight?"

The row of stokers cried at once eagerly, "He's hurt, Sir. He's got a broken jaw, Sir."

"So he has; so he has," murmured the captain, much embarrassed.

And because of all these affairs, the *Foundling* steamed toward Cuba with its crew in a sling, if one may be allowed to speak in that way.

III.

At night the *Foundling* approached the coast like a thief. Her lights were muffled, so that from the deck the sea shone with its own radiance, like the faint shimmer of some kinds of silk. The men on deck spoke in whispers, and even down in the fire-room the hidden stokers working before the blood-red furnace doors used no words and walked on tip-toe. The stars were out in the blue-velvet sky, and their light with the soft shine of the sea caused the coast to appear black as the side of a coffin. The surf boomed in low thunder on the distant beach.

The *Foundling's* engines ceased their thumping for a time. She glided quietly forward until a bell chimed faintly in the engine-room. Then she paused with a flourish of phosphorescent waters.

"Give the signal," said the captain. Three times a flash of light went from the bow. There was a moment of waiting. Then an eye like the one on the coast of Florida opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed. The Cubans, grouped in a great shadow on deck, burst into a low chatter of delight. A hiss from their leader silenced them.

"Well?" said the captain.

"All right," said the leader.

At the giving of the word it was not apparent that anyone on board of the *Foundling* had ever been sea-sick. The boats were lowered swiftly—too swiftly. Boxes of cartridges were dragged from the hold and passed over the side with a rapidity that made men in the boats exclaim against it. They were being bombarded. When a boat headed for shore its rowers pulled like madmen. The captain paced slowly to and fro on the bridge. In the engine-room the engineers stood at their station, and in the stoke-hold the firemen fidgeted silently around the furnace doors.

On the bridge Flanagan reflected. "Oh, I don't know!" he observed. "This filibustering business isn't so bad. Pretty soon it'll be off to sea again with nothing to do but some big lying when I get into port."

In one of the boats returning from shore came twelve Cuban officers, the greater number of them convalescing from wounds, while two or three of them had been ordered to America on commissions from the insurgents. The captain welcomed them, and assured them of a speedy and safe voyage.

Presently he went again to the bridge and scanned the horizon. The sea was lonely like the spaces amid the suns. The captain grinned and softly snote his chest. "It's dead easy," he said.

It was near the end of the cargo, and the men were breathing like spent horses, although their elation grew with each moment, when suddenly a voice spoke from the sky. It was not a loud voice, but the quality of it brought every man on deck to full stop and motionless, as if they had all been changed to wax. "Captain," said the man at the masthead, "there's a light to the westward, Sir. Think it's a steamer, Sir."

There was a still moment until the captain called, "Well, keep your eye on it now." Speaking to the deck, he said, "Go ahead with your unloading."

The second engineer went to the galley to borrow a tin cup. "Hear the news, second?" asked the cook. "Steamer coming up from the westward."

"Gee!" said the second engineer. In the engine-room he said to the chief, "Steamer coming up the westward, Sir." The chief engineer began to test various little machines with which his domain was decorated. Finally he addressed the stoke-room. "Boys, I want you to look sharp now. There's a steamer coming up to the westward."

"All right, Sir," said the stoke-room.

From time to time the captain hailed the masthead. "How is she now?"

"Seems to be coming down on us pretty fast, Sir."

The Cuban leader came anxiously to the captain. "Do you think we can save all the cargo? It is rather delicate business. No?"

"Go ahead," said Flanagan. "Fire away! I'll wait."

There continued the hurried shuffling of feet on deck, and the low cries of the men unloading the cargo. In the engine-room the chief and his assistant were staring at the gang. In the stoke-room the firemen breathed through their teeth. A shovel slipped from where it leaned against the side and banged on the floor. The stokers started and looked around quickly.

Climbing to the rail and holding on to a stay, the captain gazed westward. A light had raised out of the deep. After watching this light for a time he called to the Cuban leader. "Well, as soon as you're ready now, we might as well be skipping out."

Finally, the Cuban leader told him, "Well, this is the last load. As soon as the boats come back you can be off."

"Shan't wait for the boats," said the captain. "That fellow is too close." As the last boat went shoreward, the *Foundling* turned, and like a black shadow stole seaward to cross the bows of the oncoming steamer. "Waited about ten minutes too long," said the captain to himself.

Suddenly the light in the west vanished. "Hum!" said Flanagan, "he's up to some meanness." Everyone outside of the engine-rooms was set on watch. The *Foundling*, going at full speed into the north-east, slashed a wonderful trail of blue silver on the dark bosom of the sea.



"There," said the captain. "That's Jupiter Light on the Florida coast."

A man on deck cried out hurriedly, "There she is, Sir." Many eyes searched the western gloom, and one after another the glances of the men found a tiny shadow on the deep with a line of white beneath it. "He couldn't be heading better if he had a line to us," said Flanagan.

There was a thin flash of red in the darkness. It was long and keen like a crimson rapier. A short, sharp report sounded, and then a shot whined swiftly in the air and blipped into the sea. The captain had been about to take a bite of plug tobacco at the beginning of this incident, and his arm was raised. He remained like a frozen figure while the shot whined, and then, as it blipped into the sea, his hand went to his mouth and he bit the plug. He looked wide-eyed at the shadow with its line of white.

The senior Cuban officer came hurriedly to the bridge. "It is no good to surrender," he cried. "They would only shoot or hang all of us."

There was another thin red flash and a report. A loud whirring noise passed over the ship.

"I'm not going to surrender," said the captain, hanging with both hands to the rail. He appeared like a man whose traditions of peace are clinched in his heart. He was as astonished as if his hat had turned into a dog. Presently he wheeled quickly and said: "What kind of a gun is that?"

"It is a one-pounder," cried the Cuban officer. "The boat is one of those little gun-boats made from a yacht. You see?"

"Well, if it's only a yawl, he'll sink us in five more minutes," said Flanagan. For a moment he looked helplessly off at the horizon. His under jaw hung low. But, a moment later, something touched him, like a stiletto point of inspiration. He leaped to the pilot-house and roared at the man at the wheel. The *Foundling* sheered suddenly to starboard, made a clumsy turn, and Flanagan was bellowing through the tube to the engine-room before everybody discovered that the old basket was heading straight for the Spanish gun-boat. The ship lunged forward like a draught-horse on the gallop.

This strange manœuvre by the *Foundling* first dealt consternation on board of the *Foundling*. Men instinctively crouched on the instant, and then swore their supreme oath, which was unheard by their own ears.

Later, the manœuvre of the *Foundling* dealt consternation on board of the gun-boat. She had been going victoriously forward dim-eyed from the fury of her pursuit. Then this tall threatening shape had suddenly loomed over her like a giant apparition.

The people on board the *Foundling* heard panic shouts, hoarse orders. The little gun-boat was paralysed with astonishment.

Suddenly Flanagan yelled with rage and sprang for the

wheel. The helmsman had turned his eyes away. As the captain whirled the wheel far to starboard he heard a crunch as the *Foundling*, lifted on a wave, smashed her shoulder against the gun-boat, and he saw shooting past a little launch sort of a thing with men on her that ran this way and that way. The Cuban officers, joined by the cook and a seaman, emptied their revolvers into the surprised terror of the seas.

There was naturally no pursuit. Under comfortable speed the *Foundling* stood to the northwards.

The captain went to his berth chuckling. "There, by God!" he said. "There now!"

IV.

When Flanagan came again on deck, the first mate, his arm in a sling, walked the bridge. Flanagan was smiling a wide smile. The bridge of the *Foundling* was dipping

afar and then afar. With each lunge of the little steamer the water seethed and boomed alongside, and the spray dashed high and swiftly.

"Well," said Flanagan, inflating himself, "we've had a great deal of a time, and we've come through it all right, and thank Heaven it is all over."

The sky in the north-east was of a dull brick-red in tone, shaded here and there by black masses that billowed out in some fashion from the flat heavens.

"Look there," said the mate.

"Hum!" said the captain. "Looks like a blow, don't it?"

Later the surface of the water rippled and flickered in the preliminary wind. The sea had become the colour of lead. The swashing sound of the waves on the sides of the *Foundling* was now provided with some manner of ominous significance. The men's shouts were hoarse.

A squall struck the *Foundling* on her starboard quarter, and she leaned under the force of it as if she were never to return to the even keel. "I'll be glad when we get in," said the mate. "I'm going to quit then. I've got enough."

"Hell!" said the booming Flanagan.

The steamer crawled on into the north-west. The white water sweeping out from her deadened the chug-chug-chug of the tired old engines.

Once, when the boat careened, she laid her shoulder flat on the sea and rested in that manner. The mate, looking down the bridge, which slanted more than a coal-shute, whistled softly to himself. Slowly, heavily, the *Foundling* arose to meet another sea.

At night waves thundered mightily on the bows of the steamer, and water lit with the beautiful phosphorescent glamour went boiling and howling along deck.

By good fortune the chief engineer crawled safely, but utterly drenched, to the galley for coffee. "Well, how goes it, chief?" said the cook, standing with his fat arms folded in order to prove that he could balance himself under any conditions.

The engineer shook his head slowly. "This old biscuit-box will never see port again. Why, she'll fall to pieces."

Finally at night the captain said, "Launch the boats." The Cubans hovered about him. "Is the ship going to sink?" The captain addressed them politely. "Gentlemen, we are in trouble, but all I ask of you is that you do just what I tell you, and no harm will come to anybody."

The mate directed the lowering of the first boat, and the men performed this task with all decency, like people at the side of a grave.

A young oiler came to the captain. "The chief sends word, Sir, that the water is almost up to the fires."

"Keep at it as long as you can."

"Keep at it as long as we can, Sir?"

Flanagan took the senior Cuban officer to the rail, and as the steamer sheered high on a great sea, showed him a yellow dot on the horizon. It was smaller than a needle when its point is toward you.

"There," said the captain. The wind-driven spray was lashing his face. "That's Jupiter Light on the

Florida coast. Put your men in the boat we've just launched, and the mate will take you to that light."

Afterwards, Flanagan turned to the chief engineer. "We can never beach," said the old man. "The stokers have got to quit in a minute." Tears were in his eyes.

The *Foundling* was a wounded thing. She lay on the water with gasping engines, and each wave resembled her leath-blows.

Now the way of a good ship on the sea is finer than sword-play. But this is when she is alive. If a time comes that the ship dies, then her way is the way of a floating old glove, and she has that much vim, spirit, buoyancy. At this time, many men on the *Foundling* suddenly came to know that they were clinging to a corpse.

The captain went to the stoke-room, and what he saw

grim deeds when he charged into them; but precisely as they had submitted to the sea so they submitted to Flanagan. For a moment they rolled their eyes like hurt cows, but they obeyed the Voice. The situation simply required a Voice.

When the captain returned to the deck the hue of this fire-room was in his mind, and then he understood doom and its weight and complexion.

When finally the *Foundling* sank she shifted and settled as calmly as an animal curls down in the bush grass. Away over the waves three bobbing boats paused to witness this quiet death. It was a slow manoeuvre, altogether without the pageantry of uproar, but it flashed pallor into the faces of all men who saw it, and they groaned when they said, "There she goes!" Suddenly the captain whirled and

knocked his hand on the gunwale. He sobbed for a time, and then he sobbed and swore also.

There was a dance at the Imperial Inn. During the evening some irresponsible young men came from the beach bringing the statement that several boat-loads of people had been perceived off shore. It was a charming dance, and none cared to take time to believe this tale. The fountain in the courtyard splashed softly, and couple after couple paraded through the aisles of palms, where lamps with red shades threw a rose light upon the gleaming leaves. The band played its waltzes slumberously, and its music came faintly to the people among the palms.

Sometimes a woman said: "Oh, it is not really true, is it, that there was a wreck out at sea?"

A man usually said: "No, of course not."

At last, however, a youth came violently from the beach. He was triumphant in manner. "They're out there," he cried. "A whole boat-load!" He received eager attention, and he told all that he supposed. His news destroyed the dance. After a time the band was playing delightfully to space. The guests had hurried to the beach. One little girl cried, "Oh, mamma, may I go too?" Being refused permission, she pouted.

As they came from the shelter of the great hotel, the wind was blowing swiftly from the sea, and

at intervals a breaker shone livid. The women shuddered, and their bending companions seized the opportunity to draw the cloaks closer.

"Oh, dear?" said a girl; "supposin' they were out there drowning while we were dancing!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said her younger brother; "that don't happen."

"Well, it might, you know, Roger. How can you tell?"

A man who was not her brother gazed at her then with profound admiration. Later, she complained of the damp sand, and, drawing back her skirts, looked ruefully at her little feet.

A mother's son was venturing too near to the water in his interest and excitement. Occasionally she cautioned and reproached him from the background.

Save for the white glare of the breakers, the sea was a great wind-crossed void. From the throng of charming women floated the perfume of many flowers. Later there floated to them a body with a calm face of an Irish type. The expedition of the *Foundling* will never be historic.

THE END.



"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

By A. J. King.

as he swung down the companion suddenly turned him hesitant and dumb. Water was swirling to and fro with the roll of the ship, fuming greasily around half-strangled machinery that still attempted to perform its duty. Steam arose from the water, and through its clouds shone the red glare of the dying fires. As for the stokers, death might have been with silence in this room. One lay in his berth, his hands under his head, staring moodily at the wall. One sat near the foot of the companion, his face hidden in his arms. One leaned against the side and gazed at the snarling water as it rose, and its mad eddies among the machinery. In the unholy red light and grey mist of this stifling dim Inferno they were strange figures with their silence and their immobility. The wretched *Foundling* groaned deeply as she lifted, and groaned deeply as she sank into the trough, while hurried waves then thundered over her with the noise of land-slides.

But Flanagan took control of himself suddenly, then he stirred the fire-room. The stillness had been so unearthly that he was not altogether inapprehensive of strange and

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

IN IRELAND

On the afternoon of Tuesday, Aug. 17, in the quietest and most unostentatious manner, a royal departure took place from Euston Station. Ceremonial of the stateliest kind has been the keynote to all royal doings during the present year, but the departure in question was of so ordinary and private a character that the uninitiated would scarcely have guessed its real significance. Yet the setting forth of the Duke and Duchess of York upon their visit to Ireland was not the least important of the national events of this great year, and although no outward show attended the

All the way, close to the royal carriage, martial and picturesque in his bearing, rode Lord Roberts.

At the entrance to the state apartments of the Castle stood his Excellency in full uniform, surrounded by the Castle staff. The officers of the household in attendance were Lord Lurgan, Lord Langford, and Sir Gerald Dease, with the private secretaries. Precisely at a quarter to one o'clock the royal entry took place. The Duchess of York, it is understood, informed Countess Cadogan of her unbounded satisfaction with the proceedings from start to finish, and Lord Roberts pronounced the reception to be the most successful at which he had ever assisted. After the reception at the Castle, the party drove to the Viceregal Lodge, which was reached at two o'clock, and, with a last fanfare from the band of the Royal Irish Constabulary, blown as the visitors entered the Viceregal Lodge, the ceremonies of the first day came to an end.

Shortly after noon on Thursday, Aug. 19, the royal party paid a private visit to Christ Church Cathedral. In the entrance-hall they were received by the Dean, and Mr. Thomas Drew acted as guide to the cathedral buildings. At 3.30 p.m. the Duke and Duchess were expected at the Royal University Buildings, to open Countess Cadogan's Textile Exhibition. It was, however, four o'clock before their Royal Highnesses arrived, the delay being occasioned by their many engagements. The crowds assembled along the route, however, took the prolonged wait with the greatest good humour, and gave the royal party an even heartier reception than that of the preceding day. Within the University Buildings, floor, galleries, and passages were packed with a brilliant throng. The proceedings were opened by the Recorder, who in an address explained the history of the exhibition and Lady Cadogan's lively interest in the industrial welfare of the Irish people. The Lord Lieutenant replied in a bright little speech, entirely complimentary to Ireland as a centre of industrial and educational light and leading. On the conclusion of the Lord Lieutenant's remarks the Duke of York rose to speak, but had first patiently to hear his prospective audience during several moments of boisterous enthusiasm. At last his Royal Highness had his turn, and the hearty note in his voice showed that the warm Irish welcome had gone home. To Irish industries he and the Duchess wished the greatest prosperity. Their reception that day they would not easily forget. The formal opening and examination of the exhibition

followed, and then the visitors prepared to depart. The next visit in the order of the day was to the Horticultural Show at Merrion Square.

Friday was the day of ceremony, the morning being set apart for the presentation of addresses, the afternoon for the picturesque and impressive investiture of the Order of St. Patrick. The various bodies who were to present addresses had been summoned to attend at the Castle at half-past eleven o'clock. At a quarter to twelve the Duke of York, who had driven from the Viceregal Lodge, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, entered the Throne Room and took up a position in front of the Chair of State. Mr. John Olphert, Gentleman Usher, now introduced the spokesman of each deputation in turn. To the addresses the Duke gave a collective reply, expressing his sense of the truly Irish welcome he and the Duchess had received, for which he returned his very grateful thanks.

While his Royal Highness was occupied with the presentation of addresses, the Duchess was visiting the Royal Dublin Society's Museum of Science and Art, in Kildare Street.

His Royal Highness remained at the Castle for luncheon, proceeding thereafter to the investiture of the Order of St. Patrick. This solemn and stately pageant is appropriately celebrated in St. Patrick's Hall, a fine chamber decorated in white and gold. On either side hang the banners of the Knights. The drums rolled, the organ sounded, and the Lord Lieutenant entered and took his seat on the throne. Immediately Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms, raised the cry: "Ulster summons the Knights!" These taking their places, the Grand Master directed two senior members to bring the Duke of York before the Chapter. When his Royal Highness had subscribed the declarations, the Grand Master and two senior Knights robed and armed him, the banner was unfurled, the Ulster King-at-Arms in sonorous voice recounted the Prince's titles, and the investiture was complete.

On Saturday the great event was of a more free-and-easy character. Having on the previous days favoured industrial, learned, and ceremonial institutions, the Duke and Duchess appropriately made Saturday something of a holiday, and patronised Irish sport. Shortly after noon the viceregal and royal party left the Viceregal Lodge en route for Leopardstown Racecourse, where, despite the somewhat inclement weather, they spent an enjoyable day.



Photo Lafayette, Dublin.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES DISSEMBARKING AT KINGSTOWN.

first steps of the journey, the public heart was not indifferent, for all well-informed and far-seeing men were conscious that the journey begun in so commonplace a fashion was destined to exercise a great and abiding influence on the future of "the distressful country."

Yet there was not an entire absence of symbolism at the going away. The Duchess's toilet declared her mission, for she wore a lovely blue Irish poplin gown, and a bonnet with green foliage—"the wearing of the green," indeed, but of the most peaceful augury. Attended by Lady Eva Dugdale, Colonel Sir Nigel Kingscote, and the Hon. Derek Keppel, their Royal Highnesses left Euston at eight minutes past four, and travelled, via Rugby, to Holyhead, which was reached at ten o'clock. The royal party went directly on board the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, whereupon the vessel made for the outer roads, which she left at 4.35 the following morning. Her Majesty's ships *Mersey* and *Colossus* formed the escort.

Shortly after nine o'clock on Wednesday morning the *Victoria and Albert* arrived off Kingstown. Under a salute of twenty-one guns from the guard-ship *Melampus*, the yacht came alongside the Carlisle pier. At eleven a second salute was fired from the battery, and the Town Commissioners of Kingstown were summoned on board the yacht. In the saloon the Duke was presented with a loyal address of welcome. The Commissioners were thereafter individually presented, and all was now in readiness for the landing. A burst of loyal cheering and the strains of the National Anthem greeted the appearance of the royal party at the entrance of the state saloon. Without delay they descended the gangway, and while another salute thundered from the *Melampus*, their Royal Highnesses set foot on Irish soil.

The transit to Dublin was swift, occupying only fifteen minutes. At the station the Duke and Duchess were received by Lord Roberts, etiquette forbidding the Lord Lieutenant to receive his guests anywhere but in the Castle. From the station at Westland Row an elaborate procession was arranged. A smart detachment of police led the way, then came the main body of the 13th Hussars, two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, the 14th Hussars, and three batteries of Royal Artillery. The Staffs and a Field Officer's escort of the 8th Hussars preceded the carriages of the distinguished visitors and their suite.



THE ROYAL YACHT AT KINGSTOWN PIER.

Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

TWO IRISH MANSIONS

VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

Continuing their royal progress through Ireland, the Duke and Duchess of York will to-day (Aug. 28) visit Killarney House, Killarney, County Kerry, the beautiful seat of the Earl of Kenmare. Killarney House is a very extensive castellated structure of red sandstone, and is of recent date. The mansion closely adjoins the town of Killarney, and visitors are freely admitted to the spacious grounds. Among the chief attractions of the demesne are the pleasant walks along the picturesque shores of Lough Leane. The present Earl of Kenmare, Sir Valentine Augustus Browne, is the fourth of his line, and the representative of the noble family of Brownes. In the reign of Henry VIII. the Brownes family had its seat at Totteridge in Hertfordshire, and at Crofts in Lincolnshire during the days of Elizabeth. In 1583 Elizabeth appointed Sir Valentine Browne surveyor of escheated lands in Ireland. He subsequently became a Privy Councillor, and represented County Sligo in the Parliament of 1588. In June of the same year Sir Valentine purchased from Donald, Earl of Glencare, lands and manors in the counties of Kerry and Cork, and obtained a grant from the Queen of all the estates of the said Donald should he die without issue male. This event occurred, and the Brownes were confirmed in their Irish holdings. The present Earl, who was born in 1825, succeeded in 1871. He has held various offices in her Majesty's household, is hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, and a Senator of the Royal University of Ireland. From 1852 to 1871 he represented County Kerry in Parliament.

On Aug. 31 their Royal Highnesses will visit the Earl of Dunraven at Adare Manor, County Limerick. A peculiar interest and significance attaches to this visit, as the family of Dunraven is one of the few among the Irish peerage which can lay claim to Celtic origin. Its ancestors were chiefs of the Clan of Hy-Mearnan, who at a very early period were seated in a barony of the county of Clare, which derived from them the name of Inchiquin. These chiefs were of the same stock as the O'Briens, and were

descended from Cormac Cas, son of Olliol Ollum, monarch of Ireland at the opening of the third century. The O'Quins are descended, says O'Ferrall, from Conn Mor, son of Deatha. However that may be, there is still in the possession of Lord Dunraven an interesting letter from Thady Quin, Esq. of Adare (who flourished in the time of James II.) referring to this pedigree, which it carries up to Donough Quin, son of James Quin of Kilmallock, and nephew of Dr. John Coyn or Quin. This Dr. Quin was Bishop of Limerick in the time of Henry VIII. The family name is now Wyndham-Quin. The late Earl, who died in 1891, was created a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1866. His Lordship was an accomplished scholar, devoted to the literature and archaeology of his country. His Celtic and

medieval learning brought him a wide reputation, and to him Montalembert dedicated in a Latin inscription one of the volumes of his monumental work, "The Monks of the West."

Adare Manor, the seat of the Dunraven family, is the most important place of interest on the railway route between Limerick and Foynes. From the former it is distant eleven miles. In the grounds of Lord Dunraven's property are some of the most wonderful antiquarian remains to be found in the kingdom. The word Adare (Athdara) signifies Ford of the Oak, and seems to indicate the existence of an ancient oak overshadowing the ford of the Maigue, which flows through the demesne. About half a mile from Adare station one finds the village of the same name. The gate of the Manor is only about two hundred yards east of the village. Entering the grounds, the visitor soon has his attention called to the remarkable ruins of ecclesiastical architecture which occur with a frequency altogether unique. First on the left appear the ruins of the White Abbey, and one catches a distant glimpse of the tower of an ancient castle, near to which is another abbey which belonged to the Augustinians. Crossing the bridge over the Maigue, one comes in sight of the Manor itself, a fine Tudor structure of recent erection. Recrossing the river, the Franciscan Friary claims attention. This dates from the fifteenth century, and is the most noteworthy, both for extent and completeness, of all the ecclesiastical remains within the grounds. The tower is perfect, and the choir, nave, and south transept are finely preserved. At a little distance from the Friary, on the banks of the river, are the ruins of Desmond Castle, the old home of the Fitzgeralds, founded in the time of Henry II., and destroyed in 1641. On the opposite side of the river is the Augustinian Abbey of which a glimpse was caught on entering. This building, which dates from the fourteenth century, consists of choir, nave, and tower, and has been fitted up as an Episcopal church. Close by is the burial-place of the Dunravens. Among the treasures of Adare yet another monastery remains to be seen, the Black Abbey, founded in 1279 by the first Earl of Kildare for the redemption of Christian slaves from captivity.



Photo W. Lawrence, Dublin.

ADARE MANOR, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, TO BE VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AUGUST 31.



Photo W. Lawrence, Dublin.

KILLARNEY HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF KENMARE, TO BE VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AUGUST 28.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN IRELAND: RECEPTION OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.



THE BROOK IN THE PARK.



THE ISLANDS IN THE LAKE.



A CORNER OF THE LAKE.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN IRELAND: BARON'S COURT, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, TO BE VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ON SEPTEMBER 1.

BARON'S COURT, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, TO BE VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

Baron's Court is the most northerly Irish mansion which the Duke and Duchess of York will visit during their present tour; the most northerly, and by no means the least notable. The charming seat of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn nestles cosily in the lap of heather-clad Tyrone hills, not far from where that county merges in the wilder and less pastoral scenery of County Donegal. The beautiful park lies somewhat off the tourist highways of Ireland; that is to say, while it is only a convenient driving distance from Newtownstewart, a wayside station on the main line from Omagh to Londonderry on the Great

abound. Necessarily, when we delve into very ancient history, the aid of tradition is more or less availed of—and where does tradition flourish more luxuriantly than in Ireland? At the same time, there are quite a number of well attested facts connected with the remote annals of Baron's Court. For example, it is clearly established that the immediate vicinity was a principal battle-ground of the O'Neills, Earls of Tyrone, and the O'Donnells, Earls of Tyrconnel. Just below the venerable bridge on the way from Baron's Court to Ardstraw there is a good ford, which was the passage from the territory of the one chieftain to that of the other. Needless to say, the place suffered much from the contentions of these illustrious warriors of their day, and a regrettable feature of the various outbreaks is that they were accustomed to wind up with the sacking or burning of the cathedral and nunnery of Ardstraw. Respecting the last-named establishment, legend has it that when St. Patrick visited it—as there is little doubt he did—he found the good nuns not at their vigils but asleep; that consequently, in his wrath, he cursed the place, and that the effect was that Ardstraw has never prospered since.

Of the continual feuds of the fighting chieftains many relics remain, mainly in the form of masonry. Castles of the O'Neills abound on every hand. High above the present mansion, perched upon a precipice on the left as we approach it, stand the picturesque ivy-covered ruins of one of these, with suggestions of gigantic hearths and facilities for the roasting of whole oxen.

Baron's Court, as we have shown, formerly belonged to the O'Neills. They, however, only possessed it because they had managed to capture it from the O'Donnells, and these, no doubt, if the matter were to be exhaustively investigated, would be discovered to have held the property as the spoils of a victory over the followers of some other chieftain. What is important to observe is that the conquering O'Neill felt so little security against the return of the defeated O'Donnell with reinforcements that he built a castle on the island in the centre of one of the lakes. Of this structure only the crumbling walls remain. A difficulty about the safety of the castle presented itself, and this difficulty O'Neill is considered to have solved by building the curious circular fort that is still pointed out at the lower end of the lake.

Yet another of these old castles can be seen silhouetted against the sky during the drive from Newtownstewart. It is known as Harry Aubury's Castle, the last place in which the two great Earls, O'Neill and Tyrone, slept before flying to Spain in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. After resting there they rode on a narrow road or bridle path leading directly from the castle to Ardstraw Ford, made their way to Lough Swilly and embarked for Spain, to the great alarm of the Government of the time, as it was understood they would return with an army behind them to reinstate them in their possessions. Other objects of great antiquity in the district include a cairn-like structure at Cloghogeel, at the outskirts of the park. Here the bodies of three hundred O'Neills repose, and some of the skeletons that have been unearthed are found to have been those of men of enormous stature.

Baron's Court—namely, the grounds, including three castles, and the large estate—was given to the Abercorn family by James I. about the year 1611, in return for military assistance to be rendered to his Majesty in holding the country. Sir Claud Hamilton, brother of the Earl of Abercorn, was bound by the tenure of the Plantation Act to keep twenty-six men of English or Scottish descent, armed in a manner specified with the utmost minuteness, and ready for any emergency that might arise in those stirring times. He was also bound to maintain a Baronial Court. Hence the name of the ancient Irish seat. The conditions upon which his brother, the Earl, obtained his estates were more onerous. His retainers were appointed to number close upon six hundred men, also exclusively of English or Scottish descent. They were to be armed "with breast and back plate," and in accordance with certain other details of the antiquated formula. This imported retinue, as can well be imagined, formed a very important colonising factor in the district, and these early seventeenth century settlers can be identified as the ancestors of many of the sturdy yeomanry who are still maintained in the ample demesne lands by the respected noble family.

Unfortunately for the particular Earl of Abercorn who lived in the days of James II., he fought on the side of that unhappy monarch—he was, in fact, as has been shown, his Majesty's aide-de-camp—and in the royal downfall he lost the entire estate, which was confiscated to the new King. It was not for a number of years afterwards that the ownership reverted to the Abercorns, the sixth Earl, a successor of the adherent of James, having rather sagaciously chosen the winning side and received back as his reward the greater part of the old property.

The constant improvements, particularly those made by the late Duke of Abercorn, have brought the house and park into a high state of perfection.

Take the prospect from the castle windows. It varies from every wing of the building, yet is ever beautiful. In front, the beauteous lawn leading to the sheltered winter garden, and in the distance, far as the eye can reach, the expanse of water, terminating in the upper lake at a dainty luncheon chalet of pine logs erected in the centre of O'Neill's cattle-pound. On the lawn lies a great anchor of considerable historical interest. It belonged to the French war-vessel *Lancien*, in which King James II. embarked after the Battle of the Boyne in Waterford Harbour, accompanied by his aide-de-camp and kinsman, Claud, Earl of Abercorn. It was presented to the Duke of Abercorn when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland by the Waterford Harbour Commissioners as a mark of their respect for his Grace and as a memento of the period in which his ancestors bore a gallant and devoted part. To the left, down the terrace steps, are the ornamental flower *parterres* describing graceful

designs in Nature's choicest colours. The trim boat-house beyond is conspicuous by its tint of deep terra-cotta. Skim over the water-lilies that crowd up to the pretty landing-stage and across the lake, continue the line of vision somewhat skyward, and what a fair landscape is before you! It is known as "the Marquis's Deer Park," and is a gentle, meaded slope, artistically broken into glades and vistas. But there are no deer here; only the nice little black Kerry cows of which the Duchess of Abercorn is so fond. The new deer park is in our rear, on the other side of the castle. It extends away up to the top of Bessie Bell, one of the higher peaks of the hills of Tyrone.

"Bessie Bell," it may be well to explain, is a corruption of "Baase Baal"—the rites of Baal. The summit was the scene of Baal worship. A recorded tradition exists that at a special time each year the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, living as they did mostly by *creaghting* (cattle-rearing), were accustomed to drive their beasts to the top of the mountain. Two fires were lighted somewhat apart, and as a charm the cattle were driven between them. Many will recall in this connection the Biblical words, "Causing them to pass through the fires unto Moloch"—the same name as Baal, meaning king or god. We find the same word in Scott's "Talisman," where King Richard III. is by the Saracens designated "Melech Rich."

Again, consider the lovely perspective afforded from the western wing, built by the late Duke of Abercorn, and about to be occupied by the royal visitors, as it was by the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1885. The casement windows on the ground floor open upon the rose garden, fragrant with perfume, and relieved by some costly statuary.

The interior of the castle amply compensates, in its combination of splendour and comfort, for the absence of the less imposing architectural amenities of the exterior. The apartments are roomy and finely proportioned, and are furnished and decorated on a scale of much magnificence, and with a collection of articles brought by members of the family from all parts of the world. The skin of a Russian bear is a contribution from the rifle of Lord Frederic Hamilton. Some curious lacquer furniture in the lofty music-room was brought by Lord George Hamilton from St. Petersburg. The hunting expedition of young Lord Hamilton in Africa yielded a lot of heads of big game. Marks of the royal favour abound. In a place of honour is a splendid engraving of the Queen presented by her Majesty, with her autograph, to the Duchess of Abercorn during the viceroyalty of the late Duke. Another engraving is of much interest. It represents the Duke of Abercorn performing, in 1868, the ceremony of investing the Prince of Wales with the most illustrious Order of St. Patrick. The scene—which has just been re-enacted in the national Cathedral of Ireland in the case of the Duke of York—is one of remarkable brilliancy and impressiveness. A beautiful casket, of Irish yew bound in gold, presented by the ladies of the household at the Viceroyal lodge to the Duchess of Abercorn, serves to mark the signal success of the late Duke's reign as the Queen's representative in Ireland; while on the grand staircase a life-size portrait of the King of Italy reminds one of the circumstance that his Grace was the Ambassador selected by her Majesty to proceed to Italy with the Order of the Garter for King Humbert. The tattered old colours of the Donegal Militia, in which the Hamiltons have always held



Photo Marx, Frankfurt.

THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, K.G., C.B.

Northern system, yet as the roads through it lead to nowhere in particular, the lovely grounds are less known than some of the other show spots of Ireland.

In modern times Baron's Court has invariably been a resting-place for royalty in Ireland as well as for scores of less distinguished visitors. We may pass briefly over the visit of King James II., seeing that he came as an unbidden guest. As a matter of fact, although the Earl of Abercorn was one of his aides-de-camp, his Majesty did not actually reach Baron's Court, never getting nearer to it than Newtownstewart, three miles away. In an ancient castle there he slept on his way to the siege of Derry. Returning after his discomfiture outside Derry's famous walls, he burned the castle, so that now only a battlemented gable remains as a memorial of the royal rage. As for what was the interior of Newtownstewart Castle, it makes an admirable corn-market in these practical days.

King James's progress can be traced along the borders of the Baron's Court lands—how he forded the Mourne, crossed Mulvyn bog, and passed on in order to reach the fort of Clady, thus avoiding the Foyle, over which he had no means of getting an army. On the way to Clady he had to march over a high hill in Urney. This goes by the name of "the Sneezing Hill," as it appears his Majesty was distinctly noticed to sneeze there.

Although it was not her Majesty's pleasure to penetrate farther north than Belfast during her visit to Ulster in 1849, after the deepest traces of the great famine were beginning to wear out, yet repeatedly since that have members of the royal family honoured the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn by becoming their guests. Thus the Prince and Princess of Wales have spent several days in the castle on more than one occasion, most recently in the April of 1885; while both the Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York had a pleasant holiday experience among the grand old oaks and chestnuts of this typical Irish mansion. In addition, the Duke of York, when a little boy, accompanied his royal parents to the place.

The castle is a very large, stately mansion, standing in a demesne of 5000 acres in extent, which in turn forms part of an estate of 80,000 acres. That it represents no well defined style of architecture is due to the fact of its having been so often enlarged and remodelled that the original design of Sir William Chambers, an eminent architect of his time, is barely recognisable. It has, however, stood the ravages of a century and a half without showing the slightest signs of outliving its usefulness. Its existence, it is worth remarking, began with the date of a dignity being conferred on the Hamilton family. So long as the head of the family was an Earl, the residence was a comparatively limited building, occupying an elevation in the midst of a belt of spreading trees of great antiquity and much shapely grace. This building, which suffered severely from fire towards the end of the last century, is now appropriated to the land steward, but bears token in its ample wine-cellars and great banquetting hall of the features of the age it was intended to serve. On the ancient earldom being converted into a marquissate, the new castle was constructed, and it has since admirably fulfilled all the purposes of a noble Duke whose delight is to live at home with his people, and against whom the accusing epithet of "absentee" cannot fairly be hurled.

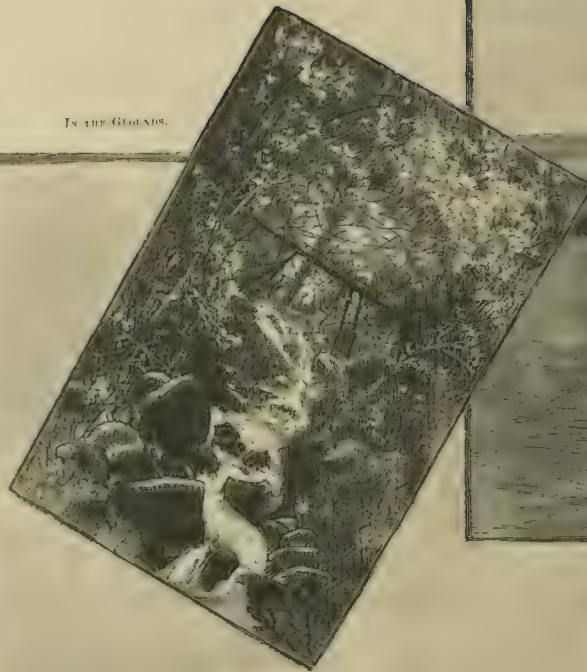
Here may be introduced some details of the historical associations in which the park and district so richly



THE OLD ANCHOR ON THE LAWN AT BARON'S COURT.

honorary rank, are suspended in the grand entrance-hall, and near them, making a picturesque setting for some rare old armour, are the flags of the historical Eglinton Tournament, in which the head of the family took a prominent part. Many of the paintings and specimens of sculpture possess exceptional interest as works of art. Macdonald's figure of Andromeda in the grand salon—a truly noble apartment—is generally admired. The lobby of the staircase is occupied by a preserved sturgeon of great size caught in the river Mourne, for which the present Duke, when Marquis of Hamilton, was awarded a silver medal at the Fisheries Exhibition; a set of Italian majolica (three hundred years) is highly prized; and the gold casket in which the late Duke received the Freedom of the City of Londonderry has an attractiveness of its own. Everywhere throughout the mansion there is something to admire and something with a history; and everywhere, it must be said in conclusion, are the indications that the castle and its precious contents, together with the beautiful park, gardens, greenhouses, etc., are being safeguarded with thoughtful care by their present popular owner, "Ulster's Duke," as he is affectionately called, and by his charming Duchess.

IN THE GROUND.



THE HOUSE AND LAKE.



A VIEW OF THE LAKE.



THE TERRACE ON THE LAKE.

THE HOUSE FROM THE WATER.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN IRELAND: BARON'S COURT, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, TO BE VISITED BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES ON SEPTEMBER 1.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK IN IRELAND: INVESTITURE OF THE DUKE OF YORK AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK IN ST. PATRICK'S HALL, DUBLIN CASTLE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. A. FORESTIER.

After being invested with the Order, the Duke of York, preceded by Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King of Arms and Knight Attendant of the Order of St. Patrick, went round the table and shook hands with each of the Knights.



THE FALLS OF DARGLE, IN THE GROUNDS OF POWERSCOURT HOUSE, VISITED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER TROUBLE.

Illustrations by William Simpson, R.I., from Photographs supplied by Major-General R. Lardner-Walton, C.B.

The situation on the North-Western Frontier of India no longer wears as threatening an aspect as it did a week ago. There has been no organised rising of the Afridi or Orakzai tribesmen such as was then anticipated, the prompt despatch of further detachments of troops into the Peshawar district having doubtless had a strongly deterrent effect upon the disaffected. The Mohmands have also remained quiet since their rout, with heavy loss, by General Elles and Lieutenant-Colonel Moon and the punitive force despatched to avenge the attack on Fort Shabkadr and the burning of the neighbouring village. The rebellious tribesmen of the Upper Swat Valley would also seem to be cowed by the promptitude of the military advance against them, for the heads of the most important tribes of the district have made unconditional submission to General Sir Bindon Blood. But this strong arrest of disorder in the Swat Valley was not attained without one sharp fight, besides a good deal of chance skirmishing. The First Brigade of the strong force which advanced from Chakdara into the higher Swat country under Sir Bindon Blood on Aug. 18 found some three thousand of the rebellious tribesmen occupying a fortified position on the hills above Landikai and Jalala. After some sharp firing the rebels were driven back ridge by ridge, and when reduced to a retreat were charged on more level ground by the cavalry of the Guides. Even then the tribesmen rallied on gaining the hills once more, and the cavalry were hard put to it to hold a position which they took up in a village. The arrival of reinforcements, however, in the shape of a mountain battery and a large force of infantry, led to the ultimate rout of the rebels, who lost upwards of a hundred men to but two fatal



FORT JAMRUD, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS.

and occupied their country until they came to terms. This strip of mountainous country runs through Peshawar Valley in the form of a wedge from the Kohat Pass to the river Indus on its right bank, and ought, at that time, to have become permanently part and parcel of the British

Peshawar over the Kohat Pass to Kohat, and is sufficiently strong to resist any attack of these murderous tribes. In fact, all of these forts are quite secure against forces unarmed with artillery, and even artillery must be of a heavy order, for it was proved at the attack on Fort Ali Musjid in 1878 that until Wilson's forty-pounders appeared on the scene, Manderson's and Hazlerigg's batteries had no more effect against the mud and stone walls of the fort than a pop-gun.

These small forts surrounding Peshawar will, moreover, always prove most invaluable for the storage of provisions and ammunition, and with a line of field entrenchments extending on all sides far in advance of Peshawar, would make the valley impregnable and do away with the sudden necessity and expense of transporting a force of 37,000 men into the district, as the Government of India has for its own safety been compelled to do just now.

From the foot of the mountains which surround Peshawar on all but its eastern side is a level plain whereon the tribesmen would stand no chance against our troops. The safety of the Peshawar Valley is, therefore, in no danger. Nothing, indeed, would be better for us than that these mountain tribes should be venturesome enough to leave their fastnesses and descend into the plains to attack us there. Whether they will do so or not remains to be seen, but for the moment the rumours of gathering hordes in the heights along the Khyber Pass have proved greatly exaggerated. The Afridis and Orakzais have in all probability been sufficiently overawed by the strength of the military force so promptly placed on the field by the Government.

The portrait group reproduced on the opposite page shows the late Major Cavagnari and the late Mr. Jenkins, B.C.S., who were both cruelly massacred in Kabul with their escort of the Guides in 1879. The group has a fresh interest at the present time, including, as it does, a number of Khans and Mulicks, or heads of the different tribes inhabiting the mountains about Peshawar. Several of these are the actual men with whom we have to reckon at the present moment.



FORT KOHAT, WITH THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY OCCUPIED BY THE AFRIDIS IN THE BACKGROUND.

casualties on the side of the British force, Lieutenant MacLean, of the Guides Cavalry, and Lieutenant Greaves, of the Lancashire Fusiliers. These two young officers behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and together with Lord Fincastle were at one time the centre of the enemy's fire. Accompanied by Lieutenant MacLean, Lord Finborough made a brave attempt to rescue the wounded Lieutenant Greaves, and narrowly escaped himself, his horse being shot under him.

General Sir Bindon Blood subsequently pitched his camp at Mingora, and the surrounding tribes have all been commanded to make their submission and surrender their weapons at that centre.

Last week we gave Illustrations of the three forts north of Peshawar, Forts Michni, Shabkadr, and Abazai. Views of Kohat and Jamrud, showing the Himalayan Mountains about twenty miles due west, are now added to the series. In the cold weather season, answering to our winter, the tops of these mountains, as will be seen in the Illustrations, are covered with snow, and when the wind blows down from this quarter the Peshawar Valley becomes bitterly cold. Fort Jamrud, at the mouth of the famous Khyber Pass, is some twelve miles from Peshawar. During the last Kabul War it was put into a complete state of defence, and is capable of resisting any force of the enemy now likely to attack it. Kohat, distant about forty miles south of Peshawar, is cut off from that station by a mountainous region of country, occupied by the Jowaki Afridis, against whom the Indian Government in 1877 sent a force in two columns, one from Peshawar under Major-General Sir C. C. Ross, and another from Kohat under Major-General Sir C. Keyes, the father of the gallant young officer who was killed a few days ago in the charge made by the cavalry of the Guides.

The two columns advanced simultaneously, and after defeating the enemy in every engagement, joined hands

possessions. But the Government gave it back to the Afridis, and until these mountains are again occupied by our troops they will always be a standing menace to the safety of the Peshawar Valley.

Fort Mackeson commands the road leading from



A VIEW NEAR FORT SHABKADR.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is on record that after Dante had finished his "Inferno," the people of Verona, when they saw him pass, stood back awe-stricken, saying: "See, here goes the man who has been in Hell." The Parisians of our day, though not devoid of imagination, are not quite so easily impressed by what is written, even if their journalists possessed the genius to depict President Faure's temporary "abode of bliss," St. Petersburg, in as glowing colours as the Florentine poet limned "the abode of sorrow." Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the Chief Magistrate of France will be hailed on his return as one who has just left an earthly Paradise. Subsequent events may prove that the visit to Cronstadt of the French fleet, the return visit of the Russian one to Toulon, the stay of the Czar in the French capital, the journey of M. Faure to St. Petersburg—or, to be correct, to Peterhof—were simply so many carefully planned and magnificently staged scenes of a play called "A Fool's Paradise," but the hour of disillusion has, as yet, not struck, and it is not part of my province to

but there was a document unquestionably. As far as I can remember, it gave Alexander *carte blanche* with regard to Turkey, except Constantinople and Roumelia, but four and twenty hours after Napoleon had appended his signature to it he repented of the deed, for he foresaw that the ell thus granted would be made into a mile. "Constantinople, Constantinople," he was heard to exclaim while shaving, "but Constantinople means the empire of the world." Nicholas II. will not ask for such a *carte blanche*; and M. Felix Faure could not grant it if Nicholas did. Beyond this Russia has nothing to gain except another loan. *Per contra*, the chief aim of France's foreign policy must be the recovery of her lost provinces, and Russia is practically powerless to help her while Germany remains at rest. That Germany will thus remain, even the most pessimistically inclined observers are agreed.

The conclusion, then, is this: M. Faure's journey is nothing more than a *voyage d'agrément*; an expensive one, no doubt, proportionately as expensive as that cup of tea which Mrs. Clarkson took in the Duchesse de Sept-Mont's drawing-room in Dumas's "L'Etrangère," and which cost

of Jules Simon, of Garnier-Pagès, of Eugène Pelletan, but Gambetta, Ferry, Picard, Glais-Bizoin, and half-a-dozen others, who suddenly professed to pick up the sword that had fallen powerless from the hands of the Marshals of France in order to stem the tide of foreign invasion, Europe did not know. The Courts of Europe practically reflected Bismarck's feelings with regard to all the men whom we now complacently term "the founders of the Third Republic." Thiers was the only exception, but even Thiers felt so certain of never receiving an invitation that he never thought of inserting a clause in the Constitution providing for such a contingency as the one that has occurred. His vanity would have led him to do so could he have foreseen it—unless his sober sense had warned him that some honours may be bought too dearly. And I do not use the word "dearly" in a purely figurative sense.

It is sad to find that one by one our pet beliefs, drawn from and nurtured by carefully edited guide-books, are ruthlessly destroyed by pickaxe and shovel. Hitherto we



THE INDIAN FRONTIER TROUBLE: GROUP OF KHANS OR MULLICKS OF THE TRIBES AROUND PESHAWAR, WITH MAJOR CAVAGNARI AND MR. JENKINS, WHO WERE MURDERED AT KABUL IN 1879.

From a Photograph supplied by Major-General R. Eardley-Wilmot, C.B.

forestall that hour by enacting the ungrateful rôle of a prophet of political evil.

That is, if I were convinced that the visit has a political significance, which, in spite of everything that has been written to the contrary, I beg to deny. Three or four weeks before Nicholas the Second's enthusiastic reception in Paris I wrote elsewhere to the effect that there was neither at the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg nor at the Quai d'Orsay a single document, either in the handwriting of, or merely annotated by, a responsible Russian statesman, which bore the faintest resemblance to a convention, still less to a treaty of alliance, and nothing has occurred since to make me retract my words. There was no treaty then, there is no treaty at present. If there were, fragments of the text, if not the whole of the text, would have been published before now; and this last so-called alliance will eventually turn out to be a simple repetition of the comedy played by Alexander I. and Napoleon I., or—to use less puzzling language—of the endeavour of these two to outwit each other.

With this difference, however: that the so-called Treaty of Tilsit had a certain documentary existence. Whether it was merely a draught project or a perfectly executed "instrument," as lawyers would say, which was signed on the raft lying mid-stream in the Niemen exactly ninety years and three weeks ago, I am unable to say offhand,

25,000*f*. Within the next twelvemonth Russia will float another loan, and France will loosen her purse-strings once more, unless the advice of such far-seeing politicians as M. Deloncle prevails.

Did the Czar have this in view when he gave M. Faure a kind of general invitation last year at Châlons? We will not do the young Emperor the injustice to think so. We will rather take it that the invitation was given in the spirit of general invitations, and perhaps with a side-thought that the President could not avail himself of it, even if he would. M. Schischkine, who held the portfolio of Foreign Affairs *ad interim* then, is very clever, but he is not omniscient, and, like many of us, he was probably under the impression that the Constitution forbade the President leaving French territory. That was the commonly received opinion. I happened to know better, not because I was more familiar with the Constitution than others, but because I took the trouble to think for a few moments. When the Constitution was framed there was not the faintest prospect of any President of the Third Republic being invited by a crowned head of Europe to visit him in his capital. "Your improvised chiefs of the national defence are simply so many 'knights of the pavement' (*chevaliers du pavé*)," said Bismarck to Jules Favre at their interview at Ferrières a fortnight after the fall of the Second Empire. Bismarck was not absolutely within the truth. Europe had heard of Jules Favre himself,

have been taught to believe that the well-known Baptistery at Florence rose upon the ruins of a temple dedicated to Mars. On what grounds this statement was put forward beyond those of local tradition it would be difficult to say. At any rate, a tradition which pretended to survive twelve centuries must have had the vigour of the most pestilent error. Recent excavations made round the Baptistery show very clearly that it stands upon the site of a private gentleman's house, built, possibly, in the days when Rome was still a republic. If this be so, the builders did their work well, for among the sculptures found in the subsoil was a dog, life size, beneath which were traced the names of the two proprietors of the house in the second century of our era. It was not until the seventh century that the Baptistery in its first form was erected, but in the interval the building of pagan temples had practically ceased.

While the royal visit to Ireland is doubtless being celebrated by many a homely toast in best "Irish," the loyal Scot may pride himself on the favourable analysis of the particular "Scotch" named "The Buchanan Blend," and whisky-drinkers generally will be glad to have the recommendation of "the faculty" for this smooth-flavoured and most palatable blend. As a table water, admirably qualified to mellow and bring out the flavour of good whisky, "Pitkeathly" may be highly recommended. It is, moreover, a tonic of considerable value.



THE FIRST DRIVE OF THE SEASON.

By Archibald Thorburn.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Symphonies. By George Egerton. (John Lane.)
Not So Bad After All. By Nat Gould. (George Routledge and Sons.)
The Larramys. By George Ford. (Hutchinson and Co.)
The Polly of Pen Harrington. By Julian Sturgis. (Archibald Constable and Co.)
Father Hilarion. By K. Douglas King. (Hutchinson and Co.)
The Girls at the Grange. By Florence Warden. (P. V. White and Co.)
The Light of the Eye. By H. J. Chaytor. (Digby, Long and Co.)
The Romance of the Golden Star. By George Griffith. Illustrated by Alfred Pearce. (E. V. White and Co.)
The Song-book of Bethia Hardacre. By Ella Fuller Maitland. (Chapman and Hall.)
Lyrics of Lonely Life. By Paul Laurence Dunbar, with an Introduction by W. D. Howells. (Chapman and Hall.)
Lies of Twelve Bad Women. (C. Fisher Unwin.)
Salted with Fire. By George MacDonald, LL.D. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Cabot's Discovery of North America. By G. E. Weare. (John Macqucuen.)

"Symphonies" will sustain George Egerton's reputation for putting powerfully before us that side of woman's nature which, because it was suppressed, was conventionally presumed to be non-existent. Its finest story, "Heart of the Apple," is a subtle study of an absolutely unsophisticated girl, who belongs to the second of the two categories into which she divides the sex. "You haven't yet learned to divide women into the *mere women* and the *mere mothers*." Surely it is a discord to introduce into such a picture the flippant grossness of a cockney tap-room? "Your hair is very beautiful; you are like a Hildre. Are you sure you are not one?" "Yes; Peter says they have a cow's tail that swings when they dance." "Let me make sure," said the man as he laughed boisterously, with a rich deep note in his voice, and caught her by the skirt.

Playfulness of this brutal kind would be much more in place among the jockeys of "Nat Gould's" "Not So Bad After All," a novel which reeks of racing rascalities. The plot turns upon the inopportune appearance of the heroine's disreputable brother, and upon the design of the villain to pass him off on the hero as her lover. The rather clumsy attempt of these two rascals at blackmailing happily fails, and both are not merely forgiven, but pensioned by the kindly couple whose happiness they sought to wreck. "Not So Bad After All" has something of the go in it of the racing it describes.

While "Nat Gould" forgives even his villains, Mr. George Ford, in his powerful novel, "The Larramys," metes out misery alike to the just and the unjust. It is not a novel to be recommended to "those about to marry," since all the three marriages it chronicles are disastrous failures. The special moral of the miserable marriage with which we have most to do is that—

Love comes best that comes unto
 The equal of degree,

for a super-refined and even superfine lady links her lot with an Orson, who, upon her suggesting a separation, outrages her, driving her thereby to the murder of their children and to suicide. The last scene of all is brutal but powerful, and the ferocious ruffianism of the husband warns us at last into sympathy with his rather exasperating victim.

"The Larramys," like most of the current novels, recalls Charles Lamb's complaint: "Few of our novelists attempt to make the reader happy. They torture and wound us abundantly, and are economists only in delight." Mr. Julian Sturgis's "The Polly of Pen Harrington" was, therefore, a surprise and relief. It not only ends happily, but is bright and breezy throughout. In another respect, however, it is in the forefront of the fashion, since its hero is a variant of the Rhodes and Jameson adventurer now to be met with in every other novel. He is so fine a fellow that we do not quite understand the state of mind of the charming heroine, which, "having known him, could decline on a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart." She was herself so daringly unconventional that we should not have supposed such a coxcomb as Mr. Otho Pharamont would have weighed with her a feather in the balance against the African hero. The lady had, however, the unusual good fortune—for a modern heroine—to find out her mistake before, instead of after, marriage, and all ends innocently and happily.

In "Father Hilarion" we get back to the forlorn novel, in which everyone is made impartially and perfectly miserable. We do not grudge the "Father" himself his share, in spite of his being presented to us as divinely holy, since his savage onslaught on a hunchbacked baby at the opening of the story prejudices us against him throughout. Because he supposed the little one laughed at him—whereas it had laughed only at its own baby imaginings—"he felt a savage joy when his stick crashed through the branches and touched something soft that lay behind"—the hunchback of the child! We should have enjoyed laying the stick on the holy man's broad shoulders. Indeed, we have small patience throughout with this saintly soul, whose piety is sickly as the scent of incense, but the story of his hopeless Abeldar and Heloise romance is told with unquestionable power.

While in "Father Hilarion" all the lovers are made miserable, love wins all along the line—and it is a pretty long line—in "The Girls at the Grange." Miss Florence Warden shows originality at least in the scene of her agape-mone. A Jewish usurer induces a decayed widow and her four daughters—very superior persons—to occupy his grand house as tenants at a nominal rent, in order that they may act unconsciously as decoy-ducks to the young plungers who use Shylock's mansion as a Hell. That these ladies should fall in with the arrangement and imagine it disinterested is sufficiently improbable, but it is nothing to the improbability of their consenting to its continuance after their discovery of its real character. Yet two of the heroines, upon making this degrading discovery, are so little revolted that they neither quit the house nor

loathe the Jew! Each, to be sure, has secured one of the plungers, yet even that happiness should hardly reconcile her to the means by which it was attained. The third heroine, who owes her happiness also to this infamous arrangement, promises that "when they abuse the wicked old Jew to her she will take his part, and say there was some good in him after all."

This Jew vampire is a credible and desirable creature compared with the real vampire of Mr. H. J. Chaytor's "The Light of the Eye," which, like Mr. Bram Stoker's "Dracula," drinks the blood of lonely Londoners. In addition to this vampire, we are expected to believe in a diamond of the size and shape of a cigar, which confers immortality upon him who swallows it. As a matter of fact, the swallowing of it ensures certain and sudden death, since those who believe in the myth attest their faith by slaying the immortal, and disembowelling him to secure the talisman!

Mr. George Griffith's "Romance of the Golden Star" is not more incredible, and is much more interesting. A prince and princess of the Incas have been waked from a trance of three centuries by the skill of Dr. Laurens Djama to recover the lost treasure and the lost kingdom of their race. The prince loves and marries the doctor's sister, but the doctor himself pays the penalty of death for his attempt to betray both the beings to whom he had restored long-lost life. It is a very stirring story of the supernatural kind.

The two volumes of verse on our list stand at the very poles of poetic expression. The fascinating entity whom Mrs. Fuller Maitland has created as Bethia Hardacre is the product of an old civilisation, with a well marked and honourable history, herself the fulfilment of a long line of promise. This "Song-book" professes to be a selection from the verse of several generations of Hardacres, from the days of Sir Florio, whose "Honeycomb of Homage" appeared as a duodecimo in 1598, to Colonel Anthony Hardacre of 1631, the Rev. Eudymion Hardacre of 1889, down to Bethia herself. The conceit is well maintained in many a quaint quatrain and merry madrigal, the general effect being a certain courtly, not to say ladylike, philosophy that always soothes, save when Bethia suggests that "draw" and "yore" can rhyme.

All ends in song—the doing and undoing,
 The taken fortress and the lost campaign,
 The patient waiting and the hot pursuing,
 The pride of life, the peril and the pain.

That is the final message of Bethia Hardacre, and it is the note of Paul Laurence Dunbar, who expresses it in this wise—

I labour hard and toil and sweat
 While others dream within the dell;
 But even while my brow is wet,
 I sing my song, and all is well.

This it is that marks the kinship of the daughter of a score of squires and the ex-elevator boy who was the son of negro slaves. There is this difference between them: Bethia Hardacre is the last of her race; Mr. Dunbar is the first—"the only man of pure African blood and of American civilisation to feel the negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically." He is not content with this office, for he hankers after literary English; but it is his dialect poems that distinguish him as altogether notable. There are those who believe that negro music contains the purest melody in the world; and Mr. Dunbar shows us how essentially beautiful is the use of our tongue by the negro, with his dominance of vowels. We have a dozen troubadours who could serenade Irene (and not rhyme her with "queen"), Louise, and Alice, but few could equal Mr. Dunbar in his negro love-song—

Love me, honey, love me true?
 Love me well, ez I love you?
 An' she answe'd, "Case I do"
 Jump back, honey, jump back.

The late Dean Burgon little thought when he produced his "Twelve Good Men" that he was suggesting such a sequel to it as Mr. Secombe's "Twelve Bad Men," now in its turn followed by a volume devoted to the sayings and doings of "Twelve Bad Women." They are of all sorts and conditions, from the fair favourites of Kings and Princes downwards to the region where Moll Cutpurse picks pockets and Mary Bateman swindles the Yorkshire yokels. The volume displays throughout care and research which would have rewarded better themes. As a whole, it is entertaining, if certain of its contents are far from edifying. Some of the lives have even an historical interest—that, for instance, of Alice Perrers, the favourite of Edward III., on whose death-bed she filched the ring from the finger of the great King with the later politics of whose reign her biography is interwoven. The Court of James I. is illustrated by the career of Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, the murderess of Sir Thomas Overbury, and Charles the Second's by that of the infamous Duchess of Portsmouth, the Lady Castlemaine who shocked even Pepys. Others of these ladies are simply repulsive. In Elizabeth Brownrigg there was nothing but sheer brutality. Her biographer, by the way, seems to have overlooked the only fact which could excuse a mention of her. Southey in his young Republican days wrote some glowing lines on Henry Martin, the regicide. Canning parodied them in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and substituted for Martin a heroine whom he affected to think quite as worthy of commemoration as a regicide—Elizabeth Brownrigg—who—

Whipped two female prentices to death
 And hid them in the coal-hole.

Some champion of the gentler sex ought to follow up these "Twelve Bad Women" by a volume of "Twelve Good Women," for which England, which furnishes the other, would supply the amplest possible material.

What a transition for the reviewer to pass from the haunts and homes of "Twelve Bad Women" to the

opening scene of Dr. George MacDonald's new fiction, laid in a Scottish village and in the cottage of a devout "soutar" (*Anglican*, shoemaker), who while plying the awl is pouring a mystical theology into the willing ears of his daughter, an ideal Scottish maiden of humble life, all purity and simplicity! In contrast to the fervid "soutar" is a young minister of the Kirk, with the delineation of whose character Dr. MacDonald has taken considerable pains. He is cold, selfish, ambitious, but with good principles, and a conscience which, if it often slumbers, can be awakened, and is awakened, by the "soutar" mainly, in some purpose at the satisfactory end of a little tragedy in which he has played the foremost part at the expense of a girl, not the "soutar's" daughter. "Salted by Fire" is a simple and touching story of rural and clerical life in Scotland.

In June 1497, John Cabot, having sailed from Bristol in the preceding month, is understood to have discovered the coast of North America some five years after the famous first voyage of Columbus. The "quater-centenary" of this achievement was celebrated last month at Bristol; hence, presumably, the appearance of Mr. Weare's volume. It contains a large amount of information, documentary and other, very vigilantly and diligently collected from the oldest and most recent sources, respecting John Cabot and his son Sebastian, their voyages and careers. Mr. Weare furnishes all the evidence extant in the controversy touching Sebastian Cabot's claim to have discovered the mainland of North America, and on that as to the precise locality of it first sighted in 1497.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Considering Mr. Leslie Stephen's usual gift of accuracy, and the enormous research which he has devoted to every biographical topic of which he has treated, there are some astonishing errors in his life of Scott in the "Dictionary of National Biography." There are, for example, numbers of chronological blunders, particularly as to the dates of publication of the novels, and, indeed, the dates assigned to the different books in the biography do not always tally with those given in the bibliography which concludes the article. Still more strangely inaccurate is the statement that the second Walter Scott predeceased his father, dying in 1817. The second Walter Scott, as a matter of fact, became Sir Walter, the second and last Baronet, dying at the Cape in 1847. Sir Walter Scott's other son died at Teheran in 1841. It is pathetic to think that Scott, whose great ambition it was to found a family, should not only have been disappointed, but that both his sons should have died childless, so far away from their native land. In the female line, however, Scott's family is admirably represented to-day, although Scott was too stern a genealogist to have counted that for over much glory. His daughter Sophia, as we know, married Lockhart, and their one son, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, also died unmarried. Their daughter married J. R. Hope, Q.C., who assumed the name of Hope Scott. Mr. Scott also had a son Walter, who died unmarried; but his daughter, Mary Monica Hope Scott, who is at present engaged in writing a book on Abbotsford, married the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, son of Baron Herries. The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott has had eight children, the eldest of whom—Walter—has recently come of age. There has been some talk of recreating the Scott baronetcy for young Walter Hope Scott, a picturesque step which would give a great amount of satisfaction, I think, on both sides of the border.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" is to have a counterblast from the pen of Mr. William Watson, whose poem will make its first appearance in the September number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

The writer who has made the most rapid strides in fiction during the last twelve months is assuredly Mr. H. G. Wells, whose earlier successes appealed, I imagine, rather to the few than to the many. "The Time Machine" and some of Mr. Wells's other writings were probably as good as anything he will ever do, but that did not, I imagine, make him popular. This popularity, however, will, I am confident, come to him with his next two books, "The Invisible Man" and "The War of the Worlds," the one of which appeared in *Pearson's Weekly* and the other in *Pearson's Magazine*, and both of which have excited attention even outside the enormous range of those publications. "The Invisible Man" is to be published by Messrs. Pearson (one of their first efforts as book publishers) on Sept. 1. It tells with a delightful air of reality of the adventures of a man whose knowledge of science had enabled him to secure invisibility, while preserving his corporeal character—an important distinction from the invisible men of the fairy tales, all of whom lost their bodily form and could enter a room, if necessary, through the keyhole. Mr. Wells's "War of the Worlds," in *Pearson's Magazine*, has shared with Mr. Hall Caine's "Christian," in the *Windsor*, the glory of running up the circulation of those two justly popular monthlies.

I was staying in a country house the other day where there was a capital library of fiction, and I devoured more than one favourite novel which I had by mischance not read upon its appearance. And I had the advantage of reading these stories in their original three-volume form. How much some of us who can no longer claim the blessings of youth and good eyesight have occasion to sigh over the eclipse of the three-volume novel!

The *Athenaeum* during the past two weeks has published two striking articles upon Robert Louis Stevenson. The articles are probably from the pen of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who, it is well known, has written many able articles in the *Athenaeum*, and no doubt speaks for himself when he refers to that journal's "kindness towards all writers, poets and prose-men, great and small," which has "won for it such an infinity of gratitude." As a matter of fact, the *Athenaeum* has consistently abused and decried all talent, "great and small," through a long period of years. It has not only been abusive, it has frequently been impertinent! Of cheery, kindly encouragement to new writers it has for many years been conspicuously free.

C. K. S.

A QUITE UNIMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I flatter myself that no other historian has yet unearthed the fact; and as I intentionally conceal the source of my information, for diplomatic reasons, I venture further to believe that no other historian will ever unearth it. The archives of the Escorial shall guard their secret. Still, I hold it indubitable (at least for the purposes of the present sketch) that Rubens, then a young man of two or three-and-twenty, was sent by Philip III. on a private mission to the Court of Queen Elizabeth, in her wrinkled old age; and that he did not paint the Queen's portrait.

"A very proper young man!" Elizabeth remarked of him at sight. "A most well-favoured gallant! Tell me, my Lord Howard, who is this pretty lad the King of Spain hath sent us?"

"A noble painter of Antwerp, your Grace; no base craftsman, but a gentleman of lineage: the same whose father—your Highness must needs remember the tale—He dropped his voice somewhat: "Anna of Saxony, wife of the Dutchman William. 'Tis an ancient report now; all the world wots of it."

Elizabeth wagged a sapient head—not Burleigh himself could have nodded with more wisdom. "A crazy woman," she answered, for she loved royal scandal. "Yet, if her lover were like his son, she had much excuse, methinks. A very proper young man—a most notable gentleman!"

She scanned him with the keen interest of an old coquette. And, indeed, Peter Paul Rubens was precisely the type of man to take the gay Queen's fancy. Fresh-coloured, full-blooded, with rich red lips, a sensuous painter's face, abundant glossy hair, wistful wicked eyes, and a soft roundness of flesh that was voluptuous without the faintest suggestion of unmanliness, he would have captured Elizabeth's heart when she was sweet and chaste. As it was, she gazed upon him with a somewhat regretful glance, while he stood among her courtiers, anxious to be presented; the years irked her; ignore them as she might, they made themselves felt inwardly.

"Is he a maker of portraits?" she asked at last. No other form of art yet commended itself in England.

"He hath done some things well in that kind," was the answer; "but he excelleth rather in tales of heathen gods, of which he hath executed some noble designs for Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga."

"I care not for those Italians," the Queen answered, with a snap of her hand. "But if he can paint like his face, this is the very man whom we would fain employ to limn our own royal portraiture."

When the suggestion was made to the eager young Fleming, however, he drew back in alarm. That face was impossible—and to please Elizabeth! Grand signior that he was, and accustomed to Courts, it was a moment before he saw his way out of the difficulty. "The resplendent beauty of your Majesty's form," he answered at last, gazing at it like one dazzled, "makes me feel that my poor pencil could never rise to the height of so exalted a theme. I would prefer to begin upon one of your lesser nobility. Perhaps thus in time my hand might attain itself to the greatness of the subject."

Elizabeth smiled. The courtly phrase "Your Majesty," as yet unknown in England, touched and mollified her. She began to point out certain of her courtiers whose faces pleased her. "My Lord Mountjoy, of excellent growth and presence, new come from Ireland, where he has kept in check our rebels; my lord secretary Cecil, a passing wise young man, yet less prudent than his father; yonder butterfly in the silk hose, with the slashed crimson doublet, a fitting gentleman for a painter to portray. Choose which you will among them."

Rubens's eyes scanned the group with interest. "That heavy head with the knit brows?" he asked. "Just behind the gallant whom your Majesty's wit well designates as a butterfly. Who is he? Such heads as that capture my fancy. I have painted already two of our famous thinkers—Lepsius and Grotius, in the Low Countries."

"That is Master Ben Jonson," the Queen answered in a less interested tone; "a most excellent writer and a learned scholar. He hath writ comedies that surpass any yet made in England. But an inventor of plays scarce deserves commemoration at the hands of King Philip's envoy."

The painter ventured to approach one step nearer his goal; for he had noted a fine careless face in the background, a face full of life and human interest. "And that rich lord," he went on, drawing away towards him, "who stands a little on one side—him with the velvet sleeves, a truly speaking face, though wanting in inner character."

Elizabeth's brow shadowed. "Tis Pembroke," she answered; "false young Herbert of Pembroke, till lately banished from our Court for the part he took with the traitor of Essex. We would not that you should paint him. He is the friend of rebels."

The painter bowed obsequiously. It was not Pembroke he wanted, but the man with the mercurial features who stood just behind him. A noticeable man, with an observant eye and a high white forehead. "And you fellow beyond him," he ventured, "in the plain brown coat with the broad collar? He hath a splendid air. Such insight in his glance; such wit in his mouth; such geniality in his countenance. I pray your Majesty to make me acquainted with the name of this gentleman."

The Queen smiled an amused smile. "Nay, he is naught," she answered; "he is naught. He hath nor birth nor learning. A merry madcap wag, but no lord nor no scholar. Yet he hath made me laugh at times, though he is but a player. That is Will Shakspeare, the writer of comedies, wherein he beareth a part. I would not that you should begin with a strutting player."

And that is why we have not a portrait of Shakspeare by Rubens.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Miss D. GUNSON,—"The Two-Move Chess Problem," by B. G. Laws. Write to George Bell, York Street, Covent Garden.

W. FISLAYSON.—No. 2 can also be solved by 1. Q to K 5th, etc.

G. J. F. (Hyde).—As you cannot legally move the Knight, it is a stalemate. R moves.—There is no mate, as you suggest, if Black play 1. R to K 3rd. If 1. Q to Q 6th, then K to Kt 4th is the defence.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from Z. B. A. (Framingham, Mass., U.S.A.); A. W. Daniel, E. Bregdon (Cardiff), and R. Green (Enfield).

CORRESPONDENT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2779 received from Emile Fran Lyons and L. Desanges; of No. 2781 from E. Worthington (Montreal), Emile Fran Lyons, E. P. Valliancy, and J. Whittingham (Weshpool); of No. 2782 from F. A. Carter (Malden), Capt. J. A. Challenor (Great Yarmouth), Barleugh (Brighton), G. L. Lambert, J. Whittingham (Weshpool), S. H. H. Finchley, and Miss D. G. G. G.

CORRESPONDENT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2783 received from C. E. Perugini, H. Howard, Emile Fran Lyons, Bluet, J. Bailey (Newark), S. Hunter (Enfield), W. H. B. (Chifton), T. Roberts, C. E. M. (Ayr), L. Moore (Edinburgh), Alpha, F. Anderson, Sorrento, R. Green (Brookley), M. Hobbhouse, F. Glanville, R. H. Brooks, F. Hooper (Putney), F. A. Carter (Malden), Edgar A. Davies (Liverpool), S. H. H. Finchley, H. Le Jeune, Thomas Harrington (Barnet), J. Hall, E. P. Valliancy, R. D. O. Bernard, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C. M. A. B., Frank Jeffrey (Ulfracombe), E. Louden, Thomas Mortimer, Miss D. G. G. G. (Grange-over-Sands), Edward J. Sharpe, L. Andrews (Knightsbridge), E. B. Ford (Cheltenham), T. Wells, J. F. Moon, H. S. Brandreth (Cortina), D. R. Welch, and Dorrington.

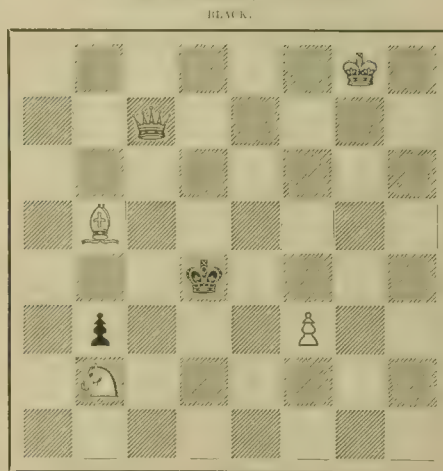
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2782.—By F. H. H. H.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q 3rd
2. B to Q 6th (ch)
3. Kt to Kt 3rd, mate.

BLACK.
K takes R
K moves

If Black play 1. Q takes P, 2. Kt to B 2nd (ch), Kt takes Kt; 3. R to K 3rd, mate. If 1. R to B 6th, then 2. R to B 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2785.—By W. FISLAYSON.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN CANADA.

Game played between Messrs. J. E. NARRAWAY and E. SAUNDERS.
(Saunders's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. N.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q B 3rd P to K B 4th

An erratic sort of game. As here played, the result is that Black emerges with an extra Pawn, but his game is undeveloped.

4. P to Q 4th P takes Q P
5. P to K 5th P takes P
6. Kt takes P P to Q 3rd
7. B to Q Kt 5th B to Q 2nd
8. P takes P B takes P
9. Castles Kt to K B 3rd
10. R to K sq (ch) B to K 2nd
11. Q to K 2nd P to Q R 3rd
12. Kt to K 4th P to Q Kt 4th

Black is already in difficulties. He cannot castle without losing a piece, and is at a loss for a good move.

13. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Q 4th
14. Kt to Q 6th Kt takes Kt
15. B takes Kt B to Q B 3rd
16. B takes B (ch) Kt takes B
17. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 2nd
18. Q to K 6th (ch) Kt to B sq
19. B takes B (ch) Q takes B
20. Kt takes B, White wisely Kt to K 5th
21. Q takes Kt Q to Q sq
22. Kt to K 5th Q to Q B sq
23. Q to B 6th (ch) Resigns.

The game was played in a tournament for championship honours at Griflin, Ontario. Mr. Narraway was first and Mr. Saunders second.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Dr. MICHAELSON and Mr. H. CARO.
(Savoy Gambit.)

WHITE (Dr. M.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. P takes P P takes P
4. Kt takes P Kt to B 3rd
5. Kt to Q B 3rd B to Kt 5th
6. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
7. Q to Q 4th P to K 2nd
8. P to B 3rd P to B 4th
9. Q to B 2nd Castles
10. B to K 2nd P to Q 4th

The outcome of this particular variation in the Savoy game is a natural one. There is not much to choose, but Black has a slight better game, with superior mobility.

11. Castles P to Q 6th
12. Kt to Q 4th P to K B 3rd
13. Kt to R 4th P to K 2nd
14. B to Q 3rd K R to Q sq
15. P to K Kt 4th Q R to Kt sq
16. Q to Kt 3rd

White could not get on with his King's side attack. The advance of the K Kt P being met by R to K 2nd.

17. P to Kt 3rd B to K 3rd
18. P to K R 3rd B to Kt 3rd
19. P to Kt 4th P takes P
20. P takes P B takes Q Kt P
21. R takes P B to B 3rd
22. B to K B 4th R to Q B sq
23. Kt to B 2nd Q to B 4th
24. K R to K sq B to B 6th

It is the essence of strong correspondence chess.

WHITE (Dr. M.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
17. P to Kt 3rd B to K 3rd
18. P to K R 3rd B to Kt 3rd
19. P to Kt 4th P takes P
20. P takes P B takes Q Kt P
21. R takes P B to B 3rd
22. B to K B 4th R to Q B sq
23. Kt to B 2nd Q to B 4th
24. K R to K sq B to B 6th

White intended giving up the Rook for the King's side attack by Q to R 4th, etc., but Black preferred the safer line of play. If Kt takes R, it would not be easy to get the Knight back in time to R 4th, P takes P, B to B 6th, etc.

32. Q to K 5th B to Q 7th
33. R takes Q P B to K B 6th
34. Q to R 6th Kt to B 6th
35. Q to R 4th Kt to K 6th (ch)
36. K to B 3rd

If K to R 3rd, Black wins pretty by R to K 3rd. If then Kt takes R, B takes P, mate.

37. Kt takes B B takes P (ch)
38. R to R 6th Kt takes Kt
39. Q takes Q, Kt to K 4th (ch), 39. K to K 2nd, Kt takes Q, and all White's pieces are attacked.

38. Kt to K 4th (ch)
39. K to K 2nd Q to B 6th
Black wins.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I am about to plead the cause of an unfortunately numerous class of my fellow-beings, with the view of enlisting the sympathies and practical aid of people who are able and willing to devote somewhat of their substance to the relief of pain and misery and to the work of prolonging human life and of ensuring its greater happiness. I write these lines looking down the smiling valley of Davos-Platz. From the pine-clad hill-slopes, the morning clouds are fast lifting to drift away into the illimitable azure. That miniature Matterhorn, the Tinsenhorn, is still capped with its mist of silver-grey; and this, they say in Davos, is a sign of fair weather when it lifts early in the day. All is bright and fair in the valley, but the other side of the picture so fair to see is a sad one indeed. It is for those afflicted with that most fell of diseases, consumption, that I would plead to-day; and especially is my plea addressed to the rich and philanthropic of my countrymen and countrywomen, that they may help their less fortunate brethren and sisters to take advantage of the benefits in the way of cure that Davos-Platz presents for the afflicted.

It is matter of tolerable certainty that, once consumption has established itself in the lungs, there is no cure which is so certain as that represented by the breathing of an air fatal to germs, associated, of course, with proper food, and with the watchful medical care that aids Nature herself, the great restorer. Let me take the case of a poor governess in England, or that of any other person of the middle classes with means of a limited description. Consumption begins, and despite all watchful medical care, the prospects of a cure—a perfect cure which will enable the patient to return to do her appointed work in the world—in our fitful climate are usually very remote. The chances are decidedly against complete restoration to health. But send such a patient to Davos; let her case be investigated by the English physician there; let her follow the directions as to living, clothing, food, and exercise, which will be laid down for her, and in a year, it may be, or two, she will return home with healed lungs, a healthy person.

The one point here is that the patient be sent to Davos in good time, and before the lungs have become deeply involved. Now the cost of a journey to Davos and back will amount to about, say, fifteen pounds, and it should be possible, my friend Mr. Whittle tells me, for a patient to live in Davos, if arrangements such as I advocate be made, for a very moderate sum per day; a sum which would include bed and board, but it is noted. But it is evident that even a very moderate sum cannot be afforded by those who are poor in the ordinary and conventional sense of that term. Now it is desirable that some philanthropic millionaire should endow at Davos an English sanatorium, where each year a number—and as large a number as possible—of English patients should be rescued from the grave by the healing air of the place. An attempt and beginning have been made towards this end already, but on a scale so small that the benefits of Davos are for poor Britons practically unrealisable. Let me tell what has been done by others in this direction. At Davos-Dorf, a mile away, the town of Basle has erected, by public subscription, a sanatorium for the treatment of consumption. This building has cost about £20,000, and the patients entitled to reception here must, of course, be inhabitants of Basle. The sanatorium contains seventy-eight beds, fifty-five at present being occupied. The rates for patients are two, three, and five francs per day. There is a Jewish sanatorium also in course of erection at Davos-Dorf. How long are we to wait for British charity to begin to move?

What, I may ask, is to hinder rich Britain, or even one rich man or woman, from erecting a sanatorium at Davos for suffering British men and women, and for thus affording healing to hundreds of cases? At the Basle sanatorium, the patients at two francs per day pay nothing for washing; those at three pay a nominal sum, and those at five francs pay at a moderate rate. Electric light is universal at the sanatorium. Two patients only are accommodated in each room at two francs, so there is nothing of the hospital-ward suggestion about the place. A resident doctor is attached to the sanatorium, who day by day watches over the progress of his patients. The walls are covered with washable material, admitting of the perfect disinfection of the whole buildings. The sanatorium faces the Davos Valley—that is, south-west—and thus receives its full complement of afternoon glowing sun. All this Basle has done; and what it is possible for Basle to do, it is more than possible for rich London, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other cities to unite in effecting on a really grand scale. Our people in the great centres are dying year by year of our country's curse, and here at Davos healing awaits them. Mr. Lipton gave £25,000 the other day to the Princess of Wales's Fund for giving the London poor a Jubilee dinner. It was spent in an hour. Nothing remains of Mr. Lipton's princely gift but a memory—and, I hope, one of gratitude. Will a rich somebody not earn the undying gratitude of unborn thousands and give us, say, £50,000 to build and endow a sanatorium in Davos-Platz?

I have made a pilgrimage to Grindelwald in the course of my wanderings, and found that familiar resort crowded with "the Briton abroad." One can never wonder why Grindelwald should be a popular resort—myself, I prefer Davos—because, practically, the glaciers are at the doors of the hotels, and there is a vast deal of easy mountain-climbing to be done in the near neighbourhood. Then you have the Wengern Alps close by, with as many charming walks as you can wish for, and the Swiss centres are within a few hours' journey. The educational phase of travel nowadays is well represented. I heard Canon Macormack deliver a neat little discourse on glaciers in the verandah of the hotel on a wet day when everybody otherwise would have been yawning; Sir R. Ball lectured on the sun; Dr. Drinkwater lectured on "Light and Colour" with special reference to ice and snow; the Rev. Luke Wiseman delighted Davos with his lecture on "Music," and the reader's humble servant discoursed on "Coral."

A lady, Miss Tomasson, ascended four difficult virgin peaks in the Dolomites during June. One, Cima delle Capre, has often been unsuccessfully attempted. Two of the other peaks were unnamed, and Miss Tomasson has exercised the climber's right of christening them, calling them respectively "Queen Victoria Peak" and "Jubilee Mountain."

"Peace hath Higher Tests of Manhood than Battle ever knew."—WHITTIER.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIZE—THE FAITHFULLEST!

Not to the Cleverest! nor the Most Bookish! nor the Most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent! But to the

NOBLEST WORK OF CREATION!

In other words, "His Life was Gentle, and the Elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the World,

THIS WAS A MAN!"

—SHAKESPEARE.

NOBILITY. "It was very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by HER MAJESTY at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded *not to the cleverest boy, nor the most bookish boy, nor to the most precise, diligent, and prudent boy, but to the NOBLEST boy, to the boy who should show the most promise of becoming a LARGE-HEARTED, HIGH-MOTIVED MAN.*"—SMILES.

A POWER THAT CANNOT DIE!

REVERENCE IS THE CHIEF JOY OF THIS LIFE.

INFINITUDE.

All Objects are as Windows, through which the Philosophic Eye looks into Infinitude Itself.

'REVERENCE for what is
PURE and BRIGHT
IN your YOUTH; for what
TRUE and TRIED
IN the AGE of OTHERS;
for all that is GRACIOUS
AMONG the LIVING,
GREAT among the DEAD,
AND MARVELLOUS in
the POWER
THAT CANNOT DIE.'
RUSKIN.
IF I take the wings of the
morning and
DWELL in the uttermost
parts
OF the UNIVERSE, 'THY
POWER IS THERE.'
KNOWEST thou ANY
CORNER of the WORLD
WHERE at least FORCE
is not?

THE WITHERED LEAF CANNOT DIE;

DETACHED!
SEPARATED! I say
there is
NO SUCH SEPARATION:
Nothing hitherto
WAS ever stranded; cast
aside;
BUT ALL were it only a
withered leaf,
WORKS together with
all; is BORNE FORWARD on
THE BOTTOMLESS,
SHORELESS FLOOD of ACTION,
AND LIVES THROUGH
PERPETUAL META-
MORPHOSES.



PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY, ABOUT 400 B.C.

*"There is no Death! What seems so is transition; this life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian, whose portal we call Death."*—LONGFELLOW.

THE Withered Leaf IS
NOT DEAD and LOST.
THERE are Forces in it
and
AROUND it, though
wearing its invulnerable
ELSE how could it ROT?
DESPISE NOT the RAG
from which
MAN MAKES PAPER, or
the
LITTER from which
THE EARTH makes
CORN.
RIGHTLY viewed,
NO MEANEST OBJECT is
INSIGNIFICANT;
ALL Objects are as
WINDOWS, through
which the
PHILOSOPHIC EYE
looks into
INFINITUDE ITSELF.
CARLAE

MORAL!

THE above DISTINCTLY
PROVES that matter is
INDESTRUCTIBLE.
INTELLECT—UNDER-
STANDING, GENIUS,
ABILITY, SENSE—is
without doubt
SUPERIOR to MATTER;
then it is
NOT LOGIC to Preserve
the INFERIOR and
DESTROY the SUPERIOR
THE following beautiful
lines from LONGFELLOW'S
'RESIGNATION' are
TRUE:

THE BREAKING OF LAWS REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

The JEOPARDY OF LIFE is Immensely Increased without such a Simple Precaution as

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It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

Exam'ne each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

How strange is the scarcity of attractive bathing-gowns in England! These have been a want for many years, and represent one of the faults of the authorities that they do not seem inclined to repair. You may go into any shop in town and ask to see a bathing-dress, and they will at once show you a hideous garment of blue serge trimmed with red braid, and if you venture to suggest that you do not think this is beautiful, then you will be shown a red serge



WALKING COSTUME OF RED ALPACA.

trimmed with blue braid. This year the only novelty has been the replacing the braid with an appliqué of cloth traced with a silk cord, and it is by no means elegant. Abroad you see dozens of pretty bathing-dresses, and the large sailor-collar is ubiquitous, this being, indeed, the most becoming way of finishing the neck of such a garment. A very pretty bathing-dress might be made of a red-and-white checked flannel, with a large collar of white hommed with white coarse lace. Black flannel bathing-dresses have their devotees, but they need an excellent complexion to show them to their best advantage. Then, again, a white bathing-dress is pretty if made with a large collar of red-and-white-spotted material guaranteed not to lose its complexion in the water; and a most attractive gown may be fashioned out of pale pink, with a collar and trimmings of white linen. But no such luxury as a bathing-dress constructed on decorative lines is to be found in the length and breadth of London, and I cannot imagine why. Little bathing-caps, too, are absolutely hideous under English influence, while the daintiest little plaid silk caps are to be bought abroad. And all the appliances, too, for bathing gear are singularly lacking in town. There are no pretty shoes and stockings there, no wraps—and with what coquettish elegance does the French woman envelop herself in the wrap in which she trips to her bath! In the various departments of dress, in which we have undoubtedly improved, this section of bathing-gowns has been completely ignored, and 'twere well if the authorities looked to it. I saw a very pretty bathing-dress for a child yesterday, which had been made at home by an intelligent mother. It was of a pale pink flannel, spotted with white, in combination form, with a broad white band, and a white collar made of white linen fancifully traced round the edge with pink crevel; a little cap made of pink and white silk completed it, and as the child was a fair-limbed, fair-haired, essentially British specimen, the result was bound to be excellent. What a difficult matter it is, the dressing of children for watering places abroad! They are always in evidence, and it is impossible, or should be, to be eternally worrying them to keep their frocks clean. The ideal costume for a little girl consists of a white linen skirt and a striped or checked or spotted muslin blouse with a large collar frilled with lace and tying in the front with a bow and ends. This should be crowned with one of the frilled batiste hats to be secured in Paris for nine francs in any colour, and it completes a most effective get-up. But the ordinary child who is properly and reasonably devoted to sand-castles will require two such frocks a day if she is to be kept clean, and these are not possible save to the very prodigal, so a blue serge has to be worn in the mornings, and it is far more advisable to buy this of blue than of red, because the blue serge will adapt itself to the mauve shirt, a courtesy not granted by the red serge—at least, not with elegance. The ordinary double-breasted make of reef jacket should be supplied to match the blue serge skirt, cut, as I have previously said, on the best principles of the boy's reef

coat, without any fullness in the sleeves; and to complete a costume of this kind, a plain white straw hat with a black ribbon round it is the most advisable.

In all the seaside places abroad there are dances for the children in the evenings, and for these light frocks of muslin trimmed with lace will be found the most suitable, and a white pongee frock may also be voted desirable, made in a simple style with a tight bodice and a square yoke of coarse lace. Again, for the children let me advise a light grey tweed coat and skirt as a change from the blue serge, and, of course, the white flannel coat and skirt should be indispensable to the wardrobe of the little ones, as well as to that of their mothers. What a quantity of white there is worn this year—white of all possible descriptions! Piqué, linen, serge, batiste, and muslin are all fabrics to be patronised, and the fine white grenadine is also being used with much enthusiasm, trimmed with insertions of lace and black velvet baby ribbon.

I believe there is more attention paid to the little details of costume this year than ever; we study with special consideration the belts and the ties, the cuffs and the collars, and the parasols which complete our attire. Let me chronicle some neckties, the newest of these being made in a grenadine muslin with a knitted silk fringe—that knitted silk fringe which was wont to decorate the parasols of our great-grandmothers and the sashes of their grandchildren. Then there are very charming white batiste neckties, with a lace flower let into the ends, this being set transparently; and again there are neckties of white muslin, with the ends elaborately tucked and frilled. Parasols are diverse in charm: you may meet these of the plainest in pale blue glacé, for instance, with the handle of bamboo, topped with gold, studded with turquoises. You may meet them of the most elaborate of chiffon frills and lace, boasting a handle of the simplest cane; then, again, there are some charming parasols of silk with insertions of lace, and there are parasols of every conceivable check, and a decorative parasol is of dark blue silk with a hem of red and white check. But space forbids any other mention of their beauties—let me describe the pictures. The evening gown is of Pompadour silk, striped with black, with lace panels on the skirt and a lace drape in the front of the *décolletage*, caught on either shoulder with folds of black chiffon, and round the waist of the swathed bodice is a sash of chiffon. The other sketch shows a walking costume of dark red alpaca, with the bodice striped with waved lines of black velvet ribbon turning back with revers of Irish lace, while a lace insertion alternates with the ribbon velvet to decorate the plain skirt. But I have quite forgotten to reply to a charming correspondent who signs herself "Red Carnation." Let me tell her now that those butterflies I saw came from Paris, but that the like may be procured at Jay's, in Regent Circus.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

While we hear much of the diminished value of English land, and it is difficult for the farmers to make even the much reduced rents of the present day out of the land, so that every now and then a sort of hopeless cry goes up for a renewal of protection on English corn and other agricultural produce, the singular fact must never be overlooked that we send abroad every year no less a sum than *twenty-three millions of pounds for dairy produce*, butter, cheese, and eggs. There surely must be something quite wrong about this; for though the condition under which corn is grown in other countries may prevent our farmers from competing with its foreign growers in cheapness, there is certainly no such natural disadvantage in the English climate in the production of milk and eggs. The corn which is grown on the huge new fields of America, Russia, and India, carried as it is cheaply by means of steam-ships, costs far less both to produce in those other countries and bring over here than it does to grow it in our own country. The comparatively new soil of those other lands does not require anything like the same amount of manure and tillage and labour as does the older English land, and, more important still, the more equable climate of those hotter regions ripens the corn with far more certainty than the English farmer can enjoy. But the Danish and the French producers of butter and eggs have no such natural advantage over the British ones, and it is deplorable that, whether from want of skill in the management of the stock, or whether from carelessness as to meeting the exact requirements of the market in such matters as packing and forwarding the goods, our British farmers should allow this enormous sum of money to pass away from them.

No relief in agricultural rates, and no grant in aid of a distressed industry, can possibly compensate for such a loss as this; but surely it might be possible for the technical committees of County Councils to organise some instruction for farmers and their dairymaids if they would condescend to accept it. Royal Commissions have been issued about many things of far less importance than this question of how to keep twenty-three millions a year within our own boundaries instead of paying it away to foreigners for the necessities of existence that might be produced here. Lady G. Vernon, in the paper that she read before the recent Women's Education Congress at the Earl's Court Victorian Exhibition, suggested that poor gentlewomen might turn their attention to dairy farming, and by their educated mental capacity and refinement greater than that of the ordinary dairymaid, might produce such superior goods as to oust the foreigner. Lady G. Vernon's chief idea is that the numerous fancy cheeses made in various parts of the world might be produced here and a market for them much developed.

A verdict has just been given under a Judge's direction that upsets a somewhat unsatisfactory previous assertion of the law. It was decided some years ago (in the case of a public singer, whose husband took about another woman and introduced her as his wife, falsely asserting that the real wife was not so) that a husband could not be sued for libel by his wife. The new judgment is just the reverse. A lady separated from her husband was turned out of her

abode because of certain postcards sent her by her husband, and has obtained small damages from him for libel.

Among the many novel regulations in New Zealand that perhaps might be copied here with advantage, it appears that there is one which requires every person who desires to keep an animal to hold a license to do so, which may be withdrawn in case of misuse, or endorsed exactly as a publican's or a cabdriver's license in this country. The license is issued in the first instance as a matter of course to every applicant, but is endorsed or cancelled on the complaint of any person if cause is shown before the petty sessions, and the jury in such cases is composed half of men and half of women, all of whom are free from any convictions for ill-treatment of animals.

In this age there is no certainty as to what is to be the career of a young woman. While the majority may be expected to settle down to domestic management as wives maintained by their husbands, there will always be a very large proportion who will be called upon, or who will desire, to do some other work in the world than domestic service. An interesting illustration of this was given at a banquet of the class graduating in 1877 at the Western College for Women in Ohio. The graduates of twenty years ago each had given some idea of the course of their life in the years since they took their degrees. Miss Clara Pendleton, M.A., was thus able to present a composite picture of her class, taking the whole class as one woman. She gives the following amusing outline of what has been done in the twenty years by the alumni of 1877: "This composite woman has, in obedience to her motto, 'Do what you can,' taught seventy-five years of school and enrolled 80,000 pupils. She has gone around the world, and taught the dark-skinned Hindu, and carried the Gospel to the Japanese. She has brought from Europe, Asia, Egypt, and other lands, treasures of travel and information. She has spoken in about four hundred churches to nearly fifty thousand people. When occasion required, she has filled her husband's pulpit. She has taken degrees in seven different colleges and universities, has been college president, held public office, and officered many clubs and other societies; published two books and has others ready for publication, besides contributing to many magazines and papers. She has ministered to the sick and dying in hospitals and homes. But the home is where she most shines. She has twenty-five children, four of whom are twins, and she has bestowed on them two hundred and sixty years of motherly care and teaching."

It is over a century ago now since Captain Cook discovered the virtues of lime-juice for the constitution, and proved that a portion of it added to the sailors' daily drink kept their blood in healthy condition. Since that time the



EVENING GOWN OF POMPADOUR SILK.

benefit of lime-juice as a beverage has become well known. The Montserrat Lime-Juice Company prepare their lime-juice on the spot where the fruit is grown, and guarantee their preparations to consist of the pure juice of the lime. This is a most important point, as mineral acids substituted for cheapness by purveyors of spurious lime-juice are the reverse of beneficial. Montserrat Lime-Juice Cordial is the lime-juice ready prepared with syrup, so that the addition of water alone makes a beverage cooling, refreshing, and palatable. The lime-juice pure and simple not only makes a temperance drink by the addition of water or mineral waters with sugar to taste, but can also be added to whisky, or used to make punch.

F. F.-M.

ELLIMAN'S

UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION 1 1/2



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HAVE
OR I
WILL
HAVE
NONE

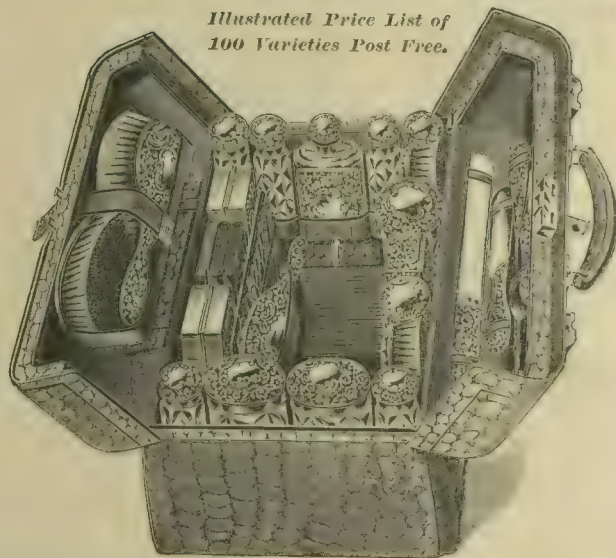
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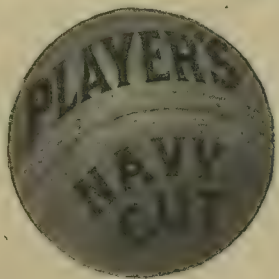
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FOR INFANTS
AND INVALIDS.



Survey Villa,
Gravesend,
March 9, 1897.

Messrs. Mellin's Food, Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—I take this opportunity to enclose a photo of our little girl, Thyllis Dorothy Walker, born on Feb. 26, 1896, and photographed on Feb. 26, 1897, on which day she weighed 26 lb. For the past seven months she has had Mellin's Food exclusively, and continues to enjoy the best of health.

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JOHN WALKER.

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BYRON AT BECKENHAM.

Few people seem to be aware that Lord Byron ever visited Beckenham. The biographers, who have so much to say about the various details of the poet's life, are silent respecting this fact; yet there is good reason to believe that Clock House, at Beckenham, a substantially built red brick mansion, recently demolished in connection with some building operations, was actually visited by Byron. Although there is a little variety in the different traditional rumours which have become current in connection with this event, there is a striking general resemblance in them all, and there is good reason to believe that they have a common basis of truth. It is said by some that Lady Byron lived at Clock House, and that Lord Byron often rode over here to see her. It has been conjectured that Byron may have visited Clock House during the time when he was at Dr. Glennie's Academy at Dulwich about 1799 or 1800—but it is not known definitely. Clock House is, or rather was (for nothing now remains standing but the stables), a good example of a moderate-sized house, well-built, commodious, and "desirable," as the advertisers express it, large enough for comfort, but not pretentious, and furnished with a spacious garden and a wealth of beautiful vegetation. Its destruction is a distinct loss to the locality, which is already sufficiently provided with semi-detached villas and abodes of even humbler pattern.



CLOCK HOUSE, BECKENHAM.

itself, the site having been given by the Marquis of Bute.

The strike of the quarrymen employed by Lord Penrhyn at Bethesda, in Carnarvonshire, has terminated at length in a settlement of the disputed points, which was agreed to on Saturday, chiefly concerning the rules of management and the method of letting contracts or the apportioning of work. Mr. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade, was at Bangor, using his influence to reconcile the conflicting parties.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1896) of Alderman Sir James Clarke Lawrence, Bart., of 23, Hyde Park Gardens, and Addlestone, Surrey, who died on May 21, was proved on Aug. 16 by Edwin Lawrence, the brother, Frederick William Lawrence, and Alfred Henry Lawrence, the nephews, and Michael Bowring Castle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £132,098. The testator gives £5000 each to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Openshaw, and his executors; and his undivided share of his late father's estate, and his freehold and leasehold property near the Pitfield Estate to his brothers Sir William Lawrence and Edwin Lawrence as tenants in common. He also bequeaths £3000 per annum for the maintenance of his wife and daughter until the latter attains twenty-five or marries; on the happening of either of which events he gives his wife £2500 per annum to be inclusive of and not to be additional to the provision made for her by settlement. On his daughter attaining twenty-five or marrying he gives her a perpetual annuity of £10,000, and he declares that his estate may be relieved of the annuity by the investment of £250,000 in funds authorised to trustees with a proper settlement. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother Edwin Lawrence.

The will (dated Sept. 18, 1889), with a codicil (dated Oct. 5, 1891), of Mr. Charles Jay, of 15, Addison Crescent, W., senior partner in the firm of Grindlay and Co., bankers, who died on July 21, was proved on Aug. 9 by Mr. James Henry Matthews and Mr. Austin Low, his executors and partners, the value of the personal estate amounting to £146,369. The deceased leaves numerous legacies to relatives, to his executors, and to all clerks and porters employed by his firm, as well as to all his servants. The residue is placed in trust for the benefit of his six nieces.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 23, 1894), of Alderman Sir William Lawrence, of

THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

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SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES, SAVING PURCHASERS FROM 25 TO 50 PER CENT.

The Latest Novelty.

Fine Pearl Brooch, £3 5s.

Fine Turquoise & Gold Brooch, £2 10s.

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AWARDED THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

1897 Fine Diamond Brooch, £6 10s. In Pearls, £1 18s.

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The Goldsmiths' Company's Patent Charm Pencil, with new safety-catch providing immunity from loss. Silver, 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.; Gold, £2 2s. to £4 10s.; Jewelled to £15.

Fine Diamond and Turquoise Brooch, £5.

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COLONIAL PREMIERS: "Well, good-bye, John, we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We are proud of our Queen, and of our Empire. May the sun never set upon it."

JOHN BULL: "It's not likely to."

COLONIAL PREMIERS: "Never, so long as we get such a right royal SUNLIGHT welcome, SUNLIGHT weather, and plenty of—er—"

JOHN BULL (Smiling): "SUNLIGHT SOAP."

PEERLESS ERASMIC HERB SOAP.

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PER
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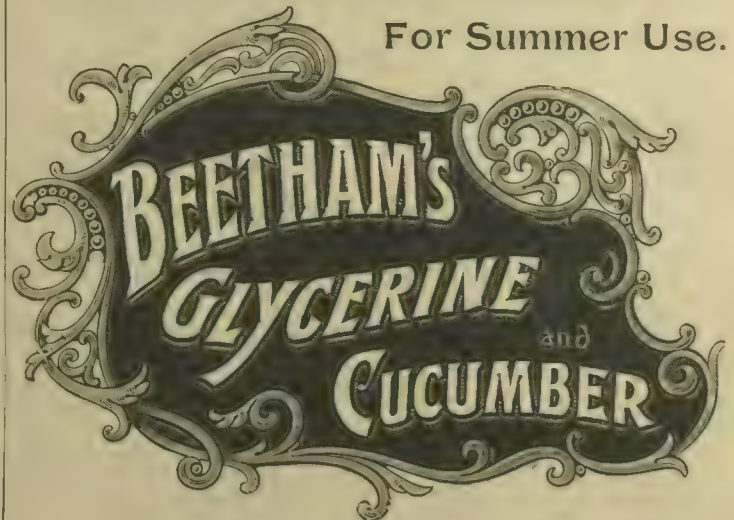
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IS INVALUABLE DURING
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FOR KEEPING THE SKIN COOL & REFRESHED

AFTER EXPOSURE TO THE
HOT SUN AND WIND, &c.

IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL

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DELICATELY SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE.

The wonderfully Cooling Properties of the CUCUMBER render it delightfully
Refreshing and Soothing if applied after being out in the Hot Sun.

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It allays all Irritation from the Bites and Stings of Insects. It is the most perfect
Emollient Milk for the Skin ever produced, and being perfectly harmless, is
INVALUABLE for the TOILET and the NURSERY. Bottles, 1/- and 2/6, of all Chemists.
Free for 3d. extra by

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.

75, Lancaster Gate and 3, Adelaide Crescent, Brighton, who died on April 18, was proved on Aug. 16 by Edwin Lawrence, the brother, and Alfred Henry Lawrence and Frederick William Lawrence, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £117,113. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his sister, Miss Jane Lawrence, and gives the use of his residences in Lancaster Gate and Adelaide Crescent, with the furniture and effects and £5000 per annum, to her, for life; an annuity of £500 to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Lawrence (the widow of his brother Alfred); £3000 per annum to his nephew Alfred Henry Lawrence, for life, to be continued to his widow if he shall so appoint, and the capital sum set apart to meet said annuity is then to go to his issue as his said nephew shall appoint; £1500 per annum to his nephew Frederick William, with the like continuation to his widow and issue; £1000 per annum to his niece Ellen Mary, and at her death to her husband if she should so appoint, and then as to the capital sum set apart to meet the annuity to her issue as she shall appoint; £1000 per annum each to his nieces, Annie Jane and Caroline Aspland; £500 to Edwin Grocock; £100 to Henry Sharpe; an annuity of £52 to his coachman, George Panton, to be continued to his present wife if she shall survive him; and an annuity of £52 to his butler, Booker, to be continued to his present wife if she shall survive him. The residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves to his brother, Edwin Lawrence.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1894) of Mr. Charles William Earle, of Woodlands, Cobham, Surrey, who died on June 7 at Ellingham, was proved on Aug. 11 by Captain Sydney Earle, of the Coldstream Guards, and Lionel Earle, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £90,396. The testator bequeaths certain pictures and portraits to his wife, Mrs. Maria Theresa Earle, for life, and then to his eldest son, Sydney; the remainder of his pictures, all his plate, books, furniture, and effects, and £1000 to his wife; and his dwelling-house, Woodlands, to his wife for life or until she shall marry again. A sum is to be set aside to produce £1600 per annum, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life or until she shall marry again, and, upon her marrying again, to pay her £1000 per annum for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 7, 1897) of Mr. Edward Hill Mannering, of 11, Arkwright Road, Hampstead, who died

on June 13, was proved on Aug. 13 by Walter Mannering, the brother, and Charles Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £54,107. The testator bequeaths £1200 to his daughter Alice Mary; and legacies to executors, relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughters Alice Mary, Edith Laura, and Hilda Dorothy.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1897) of Miss Maria Tippinge, of Davenport Hall, Congleton, Cheshire, who died on June 8, was proved on July 30 by Henry Thomas Gartside-Tippinge and Vernon Gartside-Tippinge, the nephews, and John Arthur Pomeroy, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £45,929. The testatrix bequeaths £50 each to the Friends of the Clergy Corporation, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the British Home for Incurables (Clapham), the United Kingdom Beneficent Institution, the Clergy Orphan Corporation School (Canterbury), and the Church Army; and there are numerous gifts and legacies to relatives and servants. She also gives £500 per annum, for life, to her nephew Colonel Robert Francis Gartside-Tippinge, and on his death the capital sum to be set apart to pay same is to go to his eldest son. The residue of her property is to be divided between certain of her nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1874) of Mrs. Sarah Susanna Bunbury, of 87, Eccleston Square, who died on June 20 at Watlington Park, Oxfordshire, was proved on July 26 by Colonel Cecil Hanner Bunbury, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,174. The testatrix appoints the trust funds under her marriage settlement to her surviving children in equal shares; and she leaves all her property, including her share of the estate of her uncle, Vicesimus Knox, to her surviving children and her two grandsons, the surviving children of her late son, Henry Fox Bunbury.

The will (dated April 10, 1897) of Mr. James Curtis Leman, of 51, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and 2, Ravenna Road, Putney Hill, who died on June 27, was proved on Aug. 5 by George Curtis Leman and Downton Curtis Leman, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,878. The testator bequeaths his wines, consumable stores, and such of his furniture and effects as she may select to furnish a house, to his daughter, Edith Maud, if unmarried at the time of his death; the remainder of his furniture and effects, and all his plate, books, pictures, and jewellery to be divided between all his children; £10,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his

daughter, Edith Maud, so long as she shall remain unmarried; and he appoints the unappointed trust funds under his marriage settlement to his sons George and Downton. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children and the issue of any child who may have died in his lifetime, certain amounts given to or settled upon children to be brought into hotchpot.

The will of Mr. Charles John Phipps, theatrical architect, of 25, Mecklenburgh Square, who died on May 25, has been proved by Mrs. Honor Phipps, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,292.

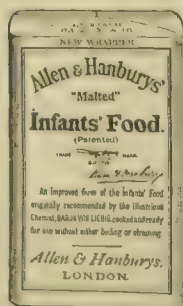
Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Edith, Countess of Aylesford, who died on June 24, were granted on Aug. 3 to Andrew Alfred Collyer-Bristow as a creditor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8742.

ART NOTES.

The Parthenon, that cynosure of classical beauty, is just now causing much anxious thought to the lovers of Greek art. On more than one occasion we have been told that the earthquake of last year had seriously endangered the stability of the ruin, but we were lulled by the assurance that "the concert of Europe," as represented by the Hellenic societies, is at least agreed on the maintenance of the Parthenon. We were not, however, prepared for the moral shock to our belief in the superiority of the past over the present caused by the discovery that gerrymandering was not unknown in the days of Pericles, and that jerrybuilders were employed even upon the erection of the Temple of Athens. Marble facings, it is now asserted, were backed by rubble of all kinds, and wind and weather—doubtless disimproved since the heroic ages of Greece—have found out the weak places of the building, which for centuries had presented so fair a front to the world. Mr. Lenrose, than whom no one can speak with greater authority, bids us, however, to be comforted, for the Hellenic societies of various countries are watching and—if they can raise funds—will soon be working.

This source of anxiety removed or allayed, another alarmist assures us that the sculptures in the pediment of the Parthenon are rapidly deteriorating, and that in a few years their beauty will have disappeared unless protected from the weather. How it happens that the weather of

"INFANTS fed on this Food ARE NEITHER FRETFUL nor WAKEFUL."



Allen & Hanburys' Food.

"It is excellent in quality and flavour."—*The Lancet*.
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 "No better Food exists."—*London Medical Record*.

Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

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Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and London Bridge.
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Extra Trains from London Saturday, returning Monday morning.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets, First and Second Class.
Cheap Week-end Return Tickets, issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.
Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and London and Eastbourne.

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THE ANGLO-NORMAN AND BRITANNIA TOURS via NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE and via NEWHAVEN AND CAEN.—These Tickets enable the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.

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Victoria .. dep.	10.0	9.45	Paris dep.	10.0	9.0
London Bridge ..	10.0	9.45	Paris	10.0	9.0
Victoria	7.0	7.45	London Bridge, arr.	7.0	7.40
Paris	7.0	7.45	Victoria	7.0	7.40

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TO WORTHING.—Every Weekday, First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. 6d., or Pullman Car, 12s. 6d.

TO EASTBOURNE.—Every Sunday First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, and EASTBOURNE.—Every Weekday from Victoria 8.10 and 9.10 a.m.; London Bridge 8.5 and 10.5 a.m.; New Cross 8.10 and 10.10 a.m.; Kensington 9.10 a.m.; Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m. Fares, 12s. 6d. 6d.

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EVERY SUNDAY from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. New Cross 9.30 a.m.; Victoria 9.35 a.m.; Kensington 9.40 a.m.; Clapham Junction 9.45 a.m. For Return Times, Special Cheap Fares, &c. see Handbooks.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to MONDAY, by certain trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 14s. 10s. 6d., 8s. 7d. to Bexhill or Eastbourne, 14s. 9s. 7d. 6d.

TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Every Weekday from Victoria 9.30 a.m.; Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m.; Kensington 9.40 a.m.; London Bridge 9.45 a.m. Fares, 7s. 6d., 3s. 6d.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to MONDAY, Fares, 6s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

TO SEASIDE FOR 8, 10, 12, or 17 DAYS.—Every Saturday, from London and Suburban Stations.

Fares, 6s. Brighton, 8s. 6d. Seaford, Worthing, and Littlehampton, 7s. Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Portsmouth, Southsea, Fratton, Havant, Hayling Island, Chichester, Bognor, and Midhurst.

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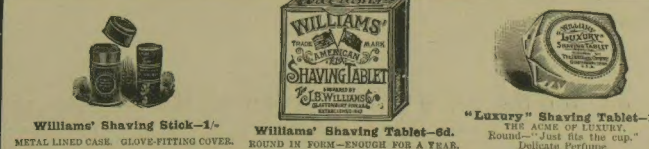
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An Accelerated and Improved SUMMER SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton. Tourist Fortnightly and Friday to Tuesday Cheap Tickets are issued by all Trains from London (Liverpool Street) also from G.E. Suburban Stations and New Cross (L.B. and S.C.). At same fare as from Liverpool Street. These Cheap Tickets are also issued from St. Pancras (Midland) and Kentish Town to Hunstanton, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Cromer.

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SOUTHERN-ON-SEA and CRACK 2s. 6d. Daily, by Two Fast Trains from LIVERPOOL STREET and FENCHURCH STREET. Cheap Through Tickets are also issued at Stations on the Metropolitan and Metropolitan to District Railway. CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH and BACK, 4s., from Liverpool Street, on SUNDAYS at 9.15 a.m., and on MONDAYS at 8.20 a.m.

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EPING FOREST, 1s. Daily, from Liverpool Street, Fenchurch Street, Woolwich, Blackwall, Deptford Road (East London Railway), Gospel Oak, &c.

For Full Particulars see Bills. LONDON, August 1897. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

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the nineteenth century is so much more destructive than that of its five-and-twenty predecessors in the roll of time we must leave for others to discuss. It seems, however, an irony of fate that the spoliation of the Greek temples, which drew forth "The Curse of Minerva," should so promptly find its justification. In a very different spirit from that which stirred Byron's indignation we may exclaim—

For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
since to his "vandalism" we may possibly be indebted for the preservation of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Greek sculpture which "Cecrops placed or Pericles adorned."

The story of the life of Segantini, as told in the current number of the *Studio*, might raise the hope that modern Italian art was capable of revival, and that the dawn of a new Renaissance was at hand. Segantini's career reads almost like that of Giotto or Ghirlandajo, the artistic

temperament triumphing over all obstacles. Born on the shores of the Lago di Garda, he was left at an early age practically an orphan in charge of a step-sister, and before he was seven was a little swineherd. He led a solitary and possibly a melancholy life for some years, but had already found consolation in his pencil. After a while he came back to Milan, and there attended an evening art school, supporting himself by copying old pictures. A very few months of the teaching of the Academy sufficed to show him that such instruction was useless to him, and he soon went away to study light and colour among the southern slopes of the Alps round Lecco and Como. In 1883 he gained his first public recognition—a gold medal—at the Universal Exhibition at Amsterdam. Since then his career has been one of unbroken success, and he now holds a foremost place among the landscapists of Italy.

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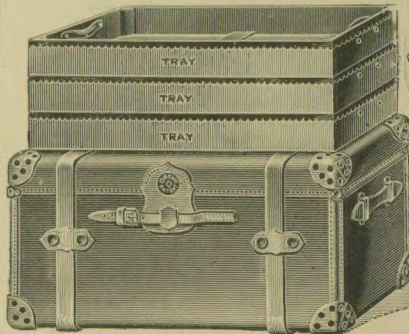
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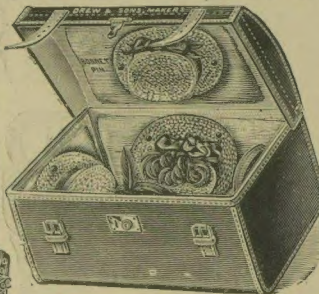
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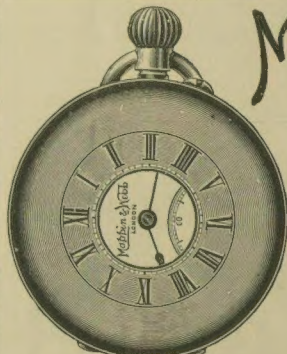
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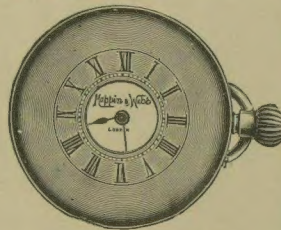
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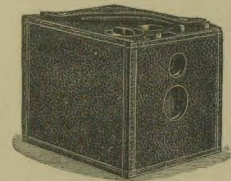
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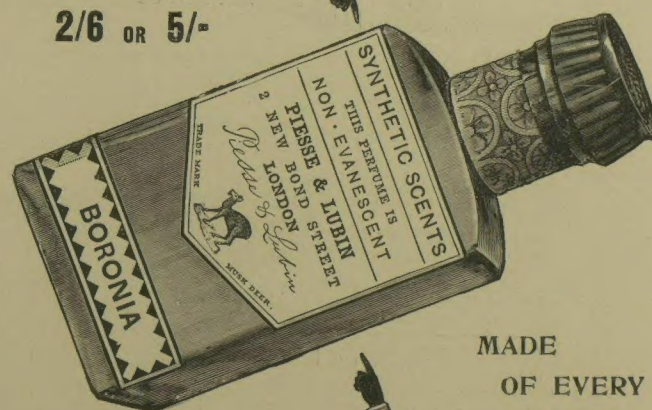
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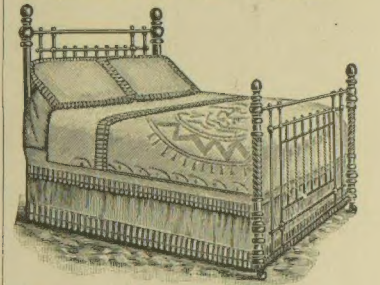
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